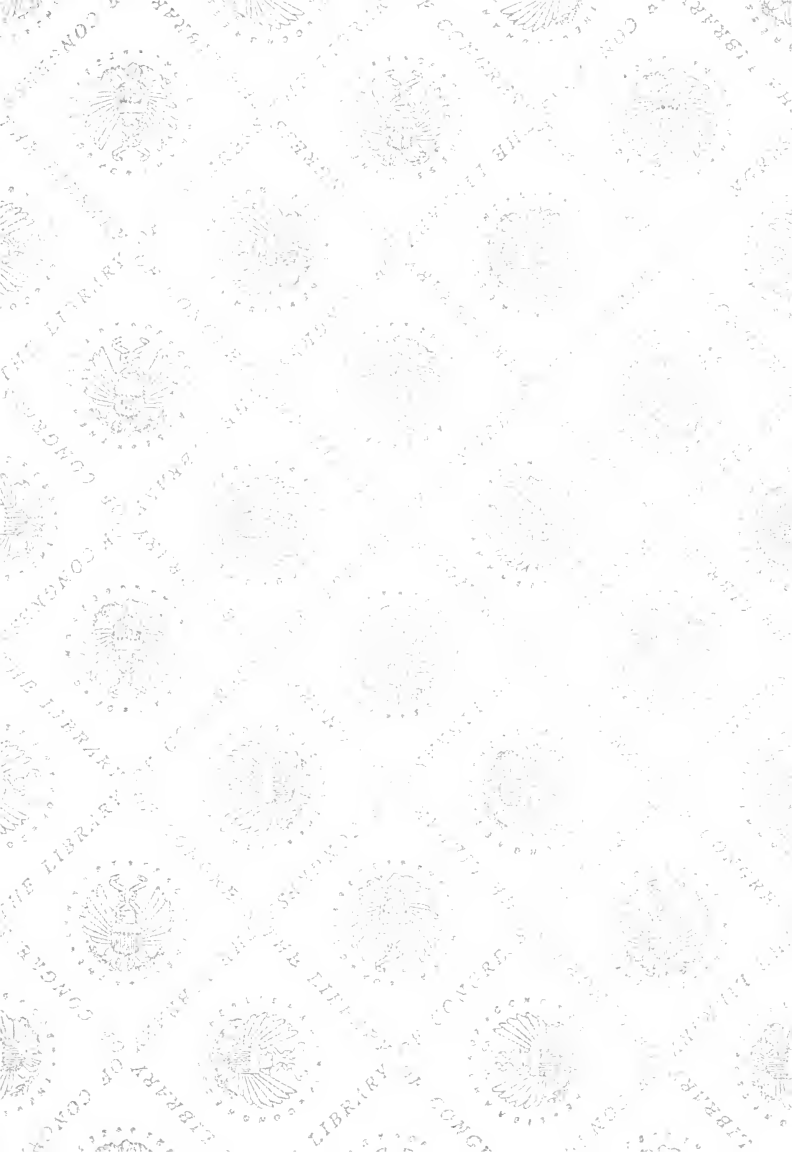


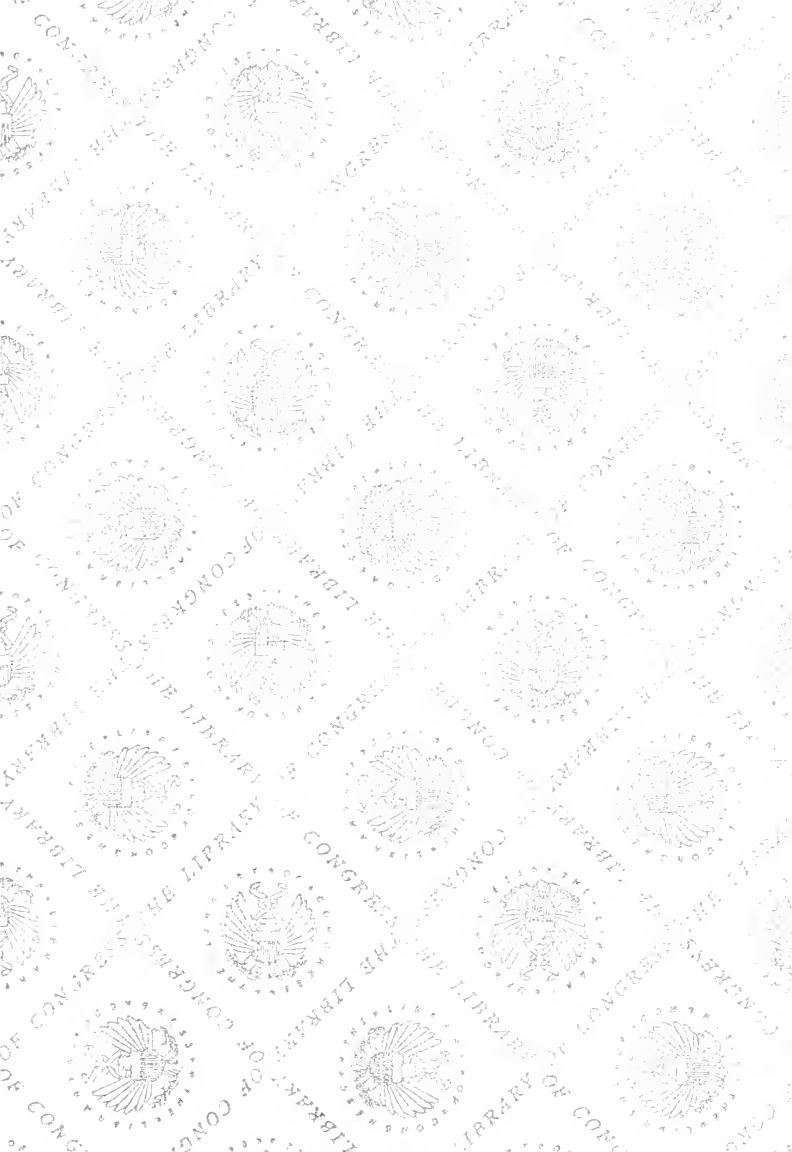
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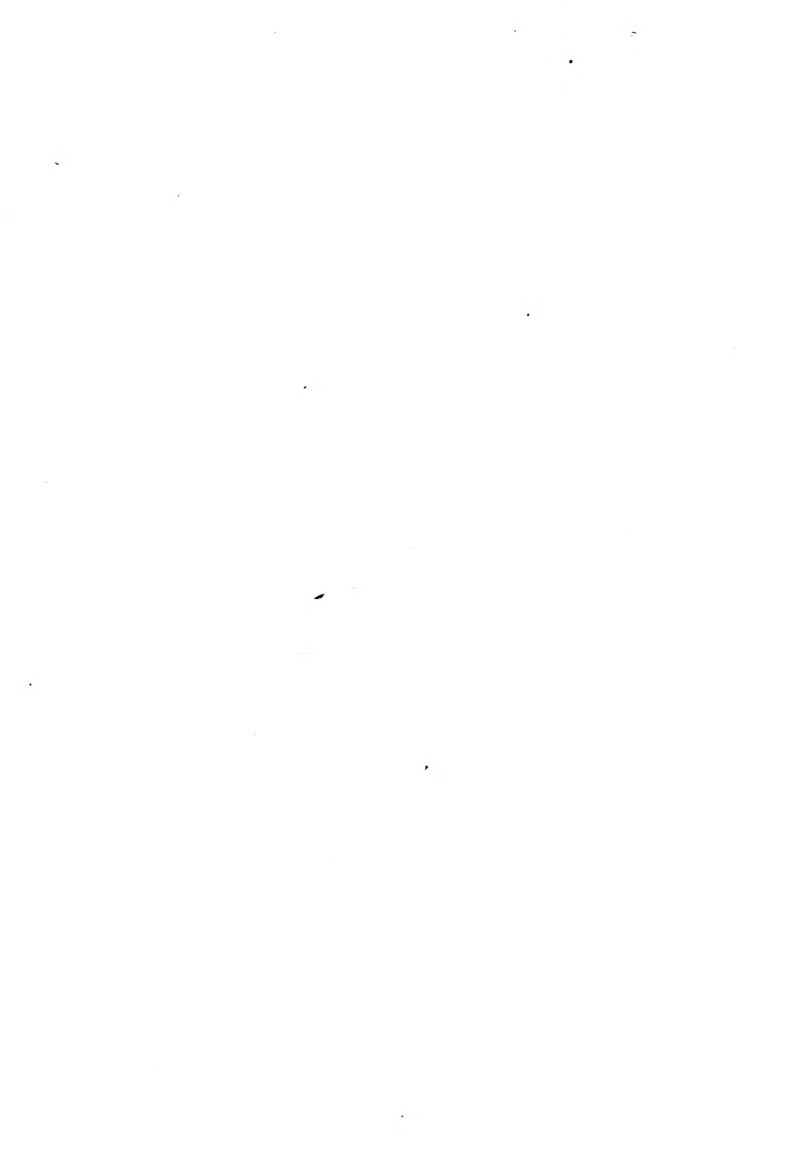
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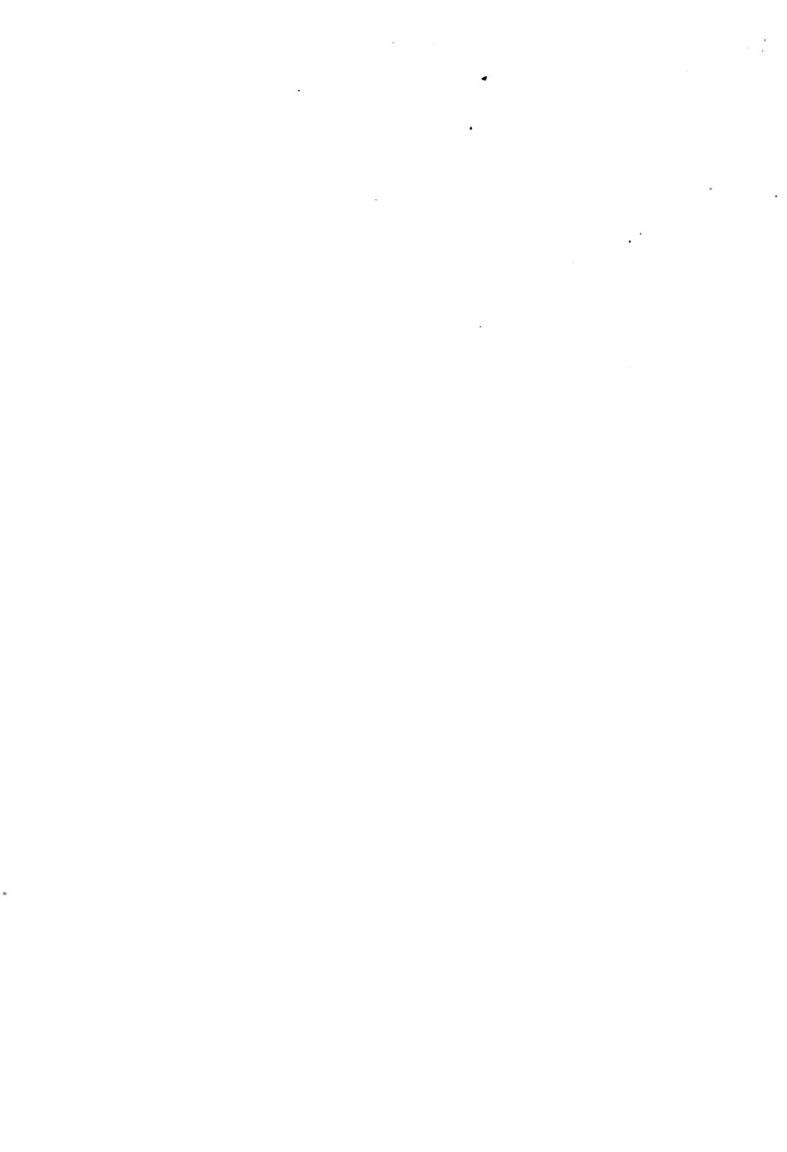


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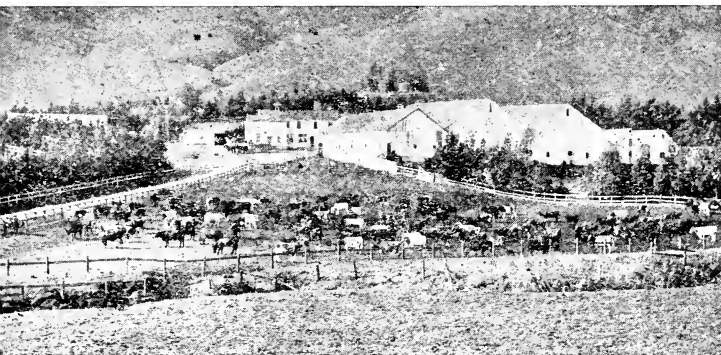
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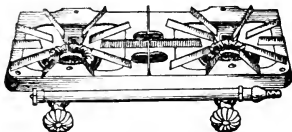
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♦ ♦ ♦ — Preface ♦ ♦ ♦



FOR many years, and continuing through the earlier centuries, the thought of the inventor has been turned toward labor saving devices for the *benefit of man*, and in an effort to produce every article of value with the least possible labor. It remained for modern genius to come to the rescue of the housewife, the queen of our American home, and provide her with every convenience which would lighten the burdens of housekeeping, making pleasant occupation of what was once drudgery; producing happier hearts and sweeter homes. No greater advancement in lessening cares of the kitchen has ever been made than the introduction of gas cooking devices. Always ready for use, easy to care for, simple, efficient, and economical in operation, the Gas Range has ceased to be a luxury, and is now generally classed as a necessity by those who are so fortunate as to be able to procure gas for fuel.

The true value of gas as a fuel for domestic purposes is known and appreciated alone by those who have used it, and cannot well be overestimated.

The work of introducing gas cooking ranges to the public is one of much effort, owing to the popular fallacy that its use is accompanied by great expense, and that the viands so cooked are tainted by gas. These delusions are quickly dispelled. As a matter of absolute fact, the price at which gas is now sold for fuel clearly

demonstrates that it costs actually less than coal. Added to this, its numerous advantages over a coal fire make it a most desirable heating agent, as the educated public are beginning to discover. Gas for cooking recommends itself because it is convenient, clean and economical; there is no dust, no soot, no ashes, no smoke, no waste heat, and absolutely no danger.

With thousands of people over the country using gas for cooking purposes, the common belief that coal or wood is cheaper is being rapidly dissipated.

Facts demonstrate that the use of gas in gas ranges is not only a saving, nearly one-half the cost of wood or coal, but is also the saving of the food as well. The slow, dry process of the coal stove causes a great shrinking in meats, while the rapid, quick action of the process of cooking by gas reduces shrinkage to a minimum.

The use of gas in gas ranges, saves labor, saves time, saves worry, saves money.

It will not be long until artificial gas will not only be universally used for cooking purposes, but bed-rooms, sitting-rooms and parlors will be heated by it also. The extreme rapidity with which heat can be produced on necessary occasions is the best argument in favor of its use.

In the winter you have no great desire to disrobe in a cold bed-room, but if you have a little gas stove attached by a flexible tube to the gas fixture in your room, you can heat it in five minutes, so that you can undress comfortably; then turn out the gas, "jump into bed, cover up your head," and in the morning the process can be repeated. The same rule applies to your sitting

rooms and parlors. If you are going out shopping or calling, turn off the gas, and when you come back turn it on again, and before your wraps are laid aside you have the same heat as before, and your house will always be neat and clean—and “Cleanliness is next to Godliness.” You can procure a more even heat with gas than with coal. In case of sudden sickness at night, and hot water is needed, you have a fully developed fire burning at your hand in an instant.

If you want to save money, an honest investigation will convince you that artificial gas is the cheapest and safest, cleanest and most economical fuel in use, and that after the beginning of the Twentieth Century its use will be universal.



The Spoiler.



(After the manner of Rudyard Kipling)

A woman there was and she wrote for the press;

(As you and I might do.)

She told how to cut and fit a dress,

And how to stew many a savory mess,

But she never had done it herself, I guess.

(Which none of her readers knew.)

O the hour we spent and the flour we spent,

And the sugar we wasted like sand,

At the hest of a woman who never had cooked,

(And now we know that she never could cook),

And did not understand.

A woman there was, and she wrote right fair,

(As you or I might do),

How out of a barrel to make a chair,

To be covered with chintz and stuffed with hair,

'Twould adorn any parlor, and give it an air!

(And we thought the tale was true).

O the days we worked and the ways we worked,

To hammer and saw and hack,

In making a chair in which no one would sit,

A chair in which no one could possibly sit,

Without a crick in his back.

A woman there was, and she had her fun,

(Better than you and I);

She wrote out receipts, and never tried one,

She wrote about children—of course, she had none—

She told us to do what she never had done,

(And never intended to try).

And it isn't to toil and it isn't to spoil

That brims the cup of disgrace—

It's to follow a woman who didn't know beans,

(A woman who never had cooked any beans),

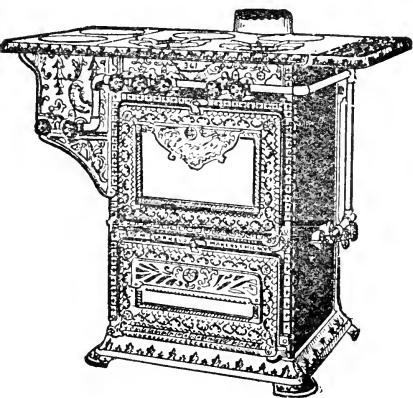
But wrote and was paid to fill space.

The Old, and the New Way.



OLD things must give way to new and modern science and ingenuity can produce nothing more gratefully accepted than those contrivances and devices calculated to reduce the labor of the housewife. How often, after all, the old saying applies: "Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." Why is it? Because in the monotonous round of her duties she finds her kitchen demands two-thirds of her time, most of which is required for culinary work.

She has kindling and coal to handle, ashes to clean up, she must watch her stove constantly that her cooking may be right, and it is not strange that in the



handling of the ordinary coal stove the housewife considers half her time is spent in drudgery. All this however is changed by the advent of that simple and most perfect of all cooking devices: The modern gas range.

Life is no longer a burden to her. Instead of trudging

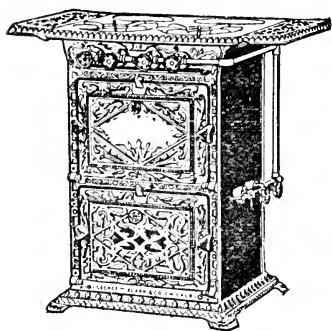
down stairs for coal or wood, all she has to do now is to walk over to the matchbox. Instead of going through

that tiresome process of preparing kindling, she simply turns on the gas and applies the match. Instead of waiting a quarter of an hour for her fire to attain the proper cooking heat, she is able to begin cooking at once. The meal is prepared in a jiffy and then the gas is turned off—there is no more waste of fuel. If her son comes in an hour later than her husband for his meal, she does not have to keep up a roaring fire in order that he may be provided for, but instead, she only awaits his arrival and then lights her gas again. His meal, too, is prepared in a moment.

Gas is clean, for there is no smoke, no soot and no ashes. It is quick, because the heat is concentrated and intense, and it goes right to work. It is economical, because it saves dirt and labor; because it does in half an hour that which a coal range can barely accomplish in two hours, and because it is used only when actually needed, while coal burns long after its heat is required. Gas is always available and operates instantly, a great contrast to the disagreeable and time losing process of paper, kindling and coal, which attend the starting of a coal range each morning. It may safely be stated that an ordinary breakfast can be prepared on a gas range in the actual time required to get a coal range ready for cooking.

Another most important point, and one which is quickly appreciated by the housewife, is the fact that the gas range has two ovens operated with the same heat and expense, thus permitting baking to be done in the upper oven while roasting is done in the lower. To roast meat and bake bread in the ordinary coal

range requires at least two hours' time. With a gas range, both ovens being used at once, the time necessary will not exceed three-quarters of an hour. In the question of economy this is a most important consideration—here is a saving of time, a saving of labor and certainly a saving of fuel. The heat from a gas range burner is formed by a mixture of air and gas in proportions of about 70 and 30. This forms a perfect, smokeless combination and blue heat. There are, perhaps, many who have in, mentally estimating the expense of a gas



range, not understood this feature and have based their calculations on the consumption of gas as used for lighting.

It is the design of this little work to thoroughly explain the theory and proper management of the gas range, under all conditions that would ordinarily prevail.

As in all things mechanical there are certain principles which should be followed in the handling of a gas range to secure perfect results.

A sewing machine cannot do first-class sewing unless it is kept in proper condition, nor could we expect perfect cooking from a gas range unless care is taken to keep it in good order—above all things a gas range should be kept clean. One half of the labor that is ordinarily spent in cleaning a coal range would keep a gas range in perfect order.

Care should be used to keep the burners and valves free from grease—a little soda or benzine used each day will be found a quick and easy means for properly cleaning a stove.

All gas ranges of modern styles are constructed on the same principles and are subject to the same conditions and directions.

As before explained the heat from the burner of a gas range is obtained by the proper mixtures of gas and air.

Each burner is supplied with a valve and air mixer, the latter being connected with the valve and having openings through which the air is drawn in and is mixed with the gas passing to the burner in proportions of 70 parts air and 30 parts gas. This produces a very hot blue flame which is smokeless—were the air not mixed with the gas the result would be a soft, yellow flame similar to the illuminating flame of an ordinary gas jet.

In order to carry off any cooking or combustion odors created in the ovens, a flue pipe 3 inches in diameter should, if possible, be carried from the range to the chimney flue or other outlet from the room.

The following directions if carefully followed will insure perfect results in the use of any modern range.

Watch your water back burners.

Don't turn them too high.

Gas ranges should be cleaned frequently One-half of the labor and time usually devoted to polishing a coal stove, would keep a gas range clean and sweet.

Grease should not be allowed to accumulate about



A "RELIABLE"
The Best Range on Earth

the burners and air mixers. These especially should be kept free from all matter which would be apt to clog or prevent the free passage of air to the burner. On this largely depends the perfect combustion and proper efficiency of the range. Drip pans are furnished to catch any overflow or liquid boiling over when cooking. These should be frequently and thoroughly scoured and all parts of the stove occasionally rubbed over with a strong solution of washing soda which will quickly remove all grease and other accumulation.

Gas ranges are made with and without boiler heating attachment. The water backs being constructed similar to that in a coal stove, the pipe coil being heated by direct heat from two burners which consume on an average 30 feet of gas per hour.

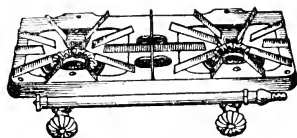
Many people greatly magnify the cost of heating a boiler with gas.

Boilers are usually either 30 or 40 gallon capacity, and should heat to a temperature of 120° in from forty-five to eighty minutes if the range is properly connected and properly handled.

Many consumers greatly increase their gas bill by frequently heating a boiler full of hot water when only a few gallons are required for dish washing.

This amount of water could be heated by a kettle on the top of the stove much quicker and with a trifling expense.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of flat stoves without ovens, (called hot plates) now in use in this city.



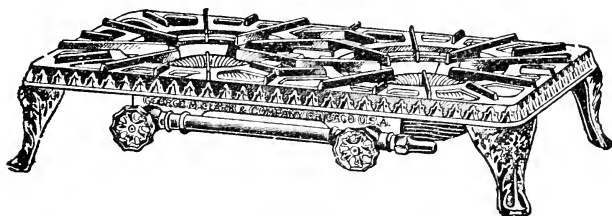
Gas Shelf

These are made with one, two and three burners, and are supplied by tubing connected to the kitchen gas jet.

They are also made so as to be permanently bolted to French ranges and other coal burning stoves, in these cases being connected with iron pipe.

Ask your friend who has one, whether she could afford to dispense with it.

She will say that without it she would not feel able to keep house, and it is easy to understand why.



A Household Necessity.



To Destroy Ants.—Sprinkle powdered borax or powdered cloves around the infected places. This is also good for cockroaches.

To Clean Brass.—Mix 1 oz. soft soap, and 2 oz. rotten stone.

To Clean Gilt Frames.—Moisten a sponge with oil of turpentine, brush gently, and allow to dry.

To Clean Gloves.—Place in vessel with benzine, shake thoroughly, and warm the gloves until benzine has all evaporated.

❖ In Plague Time ❖ ❖



IN the thickly populated towns and districts of India the outbreak of cholera is often so sudden and virulent that the slight precautionary measures taken by the authorities during the summer months are practically worse than useless.

Although experience has shown that, like other diseases, the extent of the diffusion of cholera is in no small degree dependent on local sanitary conditions, and it is therefore essential that every town and district should be preserved in a state of constant preparation to meet a danger which may come at any time like a thief in the night, the Government of India has only seen fit, up to date, to place its two great sea-port towns in good sanitary order, and has entirely neglected all the large inland cities.

I think it will be generally conceded by people who have lived long in India that the most virulent and destructive epidemic of cholera that ever visited India was the Purnea epidemic of July, 1887.

I had been staying in Purnea for a few weeks in June of that year and had packed up preparatory to leaving for Darjeeling for the summer months, when as I rode over to see Dr. Sanders, the civil surgeon of the station, I heard the monotonous chant of some coolies who were carrying a palki (palanquin) and coming in my direction. I stopped the coolies and asked them who was inside the palki, when to my surprise, they told me that they were carrying the "burra hakim sahib," or in other words, Dr. Sanders himself, over to my bungalow, as he was sick with cholera. I at once ordered them to proceed with all possible haste and galloped on ahead to make preparations for his arrival. Within a very short time the palanquin arrived, but when we opened the curtains to lift the poor fellow out of the palki, the native bearers drew back with fright and horror depicted on their faces. The doctor was dead, and they, Hindoos of a good caste, had been carrying a dead man. Imagine my position, left

alone with a dead friend, with not a soul to help me lift his body from the palki, where it was standing in the blazing noonday sun and the flies settling in myriads upon his face and body. Thus began the dread plague of Purnea, with the doctor for its first victim.

I at once sent runners with the information to the magistrate, commissioner and commanding officer of the district and dispatched a man on horseback to a neighboring indigo planter with a note, asking the planter to come over as fast as his horse would carry him. Mr. Murray, the planter, arrived within two hours and with his help I managed to carry the body into the house to await burial. In the evening the commissioner arrived and we made arrangements to bury the doctor in the little contonment cemetery; but so great was the terror among the natives, who had all been informed of the outbreak of cholera, that we could not find one who would even help to dig the grave. Importunities, threats, the offer of money, all were of no avail. They absolutely refused to go into the cemetery, still less would they dig a grave, and at eleven o'clock at night Mr. Murray, the assistant superintendent of police, the deputy conservator of the Forest and I made a start to dig the grave and by five o'clock in the morning we had placed reverently in the grave the body of one of the most self-sacrificing men who ever lived. On our arrival at the town in the morning, we heard from the Doctor's servants that he had been called by a poverty stricken native, whose son was ill, at about ten o'clock at night, and that the Doctor had stayed with the boy, who was suffering from cholera, all night long. The boy recovered, but at the expense of the Doctor's life.

During the day of our arrival in the town after burying the Doctor, our ears were assailed with the horribly mournful death chant of the Hindoos, "Ram! Ram! Sita Ram!" and with the constant monotonous dirge of the Mahommedans: "La Allah illah Allah!" We could see the Hindoos hurrying their dead along to the burning ghauts and the Mahommedans carrying their dead brethren to the mosque, where the muezzins blessed them from the minarets. The plague was raging, and as there was no

doctor in the town, the commissioner asked me if I would take the duty until another surgeon of the civil service, who had been telegraphed for arrived. I assented, little knowing what a terrible time I should have before the other doctor arrived.

Indigo factories, barns, any buildings that could be obtained for the purpose, were speedily converted into emergency hospitals, but only the very lowest castes of natives took advantage of European medical treatment. It was impossible to induce a high caste Hindoo to enter the hospital. Directly he was attacked with the dread disease a Brahmin priest was sent for, and the incantations and ceremonies necessary, according to the Hindoo idea, for salvation, were performed, and the wretched victim was left to die. With some of the Mahommedans the case was different. They would send to the dispensary for medicine, and having obtained it, they would at once carry it to the moolah of a neighboring mosque, who would pronounce it good or bad as he saw fit. If he pronounced it good, he would scribble a verse from the Koran on a piece of paper and then tie it around the neck of the bottle to act as a charm, and so insure the efficacy of the drugs.. If, on the other hand, the moolah pronounced the medicine bad, the natives would destroy it, the while cursing the hated feringhees who had given it to them.

But still, there was work enough for twenty doctors, had they been there. The natives were dying like flies, and during the first five days of the epidemic, more than three thousand people had succumbed. Those of them who were poor and had no friends were left unburied, and an awful stench began to pervade the whole native quarter of the town. The burying ghauts were sending up their thick, horrible smoke day and night, the Mahommedan cemeteries were full of unburied corpses, and a black cloud of hawks and vultures hovered over head all day. At every available plot of ground the Hindoos were performing poojahs, (religious ceremonies) to Kali, the goddess of cruelty, whose vengeance they imagined the plague to be. The mosques were crowded by Mahommedan natives, who thought that by taking shelter in the sacred edifices they would escape the death which awaited them if they remained at home in their own huts.

But the mosques soon became veritable charnel houses. Men who had been stricken rushed to the mosque to pray that God and his prophet would cure them, but the disease was stronger than their prayers, and they died as they prayed.

No one would bury them or carry their dead bodies out of the mosques, and at last, owing to the dreadful stench of the fast decomposing bodies, the very moolahs and muezzins deserted their posts.

I shall never forget one dreadful incident of that plague. I was riding at a fast pace from one emergency hospital to another some two miles distant, when I passed a small clearing which was crowded with Konds, who are a very low-caste of natives from the Kond-Mahals, near Orissa. They were yelling and shouting in a fiendish manner, and seemed terribly excited. I pulled up and questioned one of them as to what was taking place. The only answer I could obtain, was that it was a "fine sight." I pushed my way into the crowd and saw a kind of wooden altar erected in the middle of the clearing, on which lay a boy of about four years of age. A Kond priest stood near the altar with a long knife in his hand, and before I realized what was going to take place, the fiend plunged his knife into the child's heart. The men were worked up to such a pitch of fiendish excitement that it was highly dangerous to say a word to any of them. But I recognized one of them, who was a coolie on a neighboring indigo plantation, and later in the day he confessed, on being threatened with death, that the child's mother had died that morning and the Konds had stolen the child to offer it up as a sacrifice to their deity. The principals were never arrested, as within two days nearly every Kond, owing to their filthy habits of eating putrid flesh, etc., had succumbed to the plague.

The misery and destitution of the natives was indescribable. The stores were all closed, and food had to be brought from long distances by bullock carts; sometimes carts going from Purnea to obtain supplies were met on the road with the drivers laying dead with the reins in their hands. But, in the midst of all the horrors of the terrible pestilence, there were men who

thought only of gain. For instance, on my way to town one morning, I saw some native women who were washing clothes that had been worn by their children who had died of cholera. They were standing up to their waists in a large pond, and a milkman who was passing stopped and chatted with them for some time. I watched him, as all milk coming into the town was eagerly bought up by the natives, and the hospitals were very short of that indispensable article of diet; so I thought that when he had finished his conversation I might induce him to sell his milk to the hospitals instead of selling it in the bazaar. To my horror and disgust, I saw him take his vessels of milk to the water's edge and dilute the milk with water from the pond in which the women were washing infected clothes.

I need hardly say that the milk never went into the town, but the man did go to jail for fifteen years.

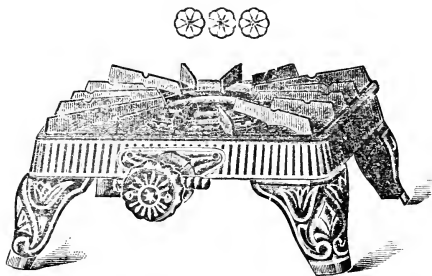
About eight days after the first outbreak of the pestilence the deaths became fewer and the natives began to come into the town again from the surrounding country, but they could not remain, for the stench of decaying bodies was so awful that it was a martyrdom for any man to have to endure it for a day. In one day on the outskirts of the town I counted no less than seven hundred and three unburied bodies. Matters could not go on in this way, and the government was wired to for instructions for the disposal of the dead. The only answer we received was: "Burn and bury as fast as possible."

It was all very well to say burn and bury, but who was going to do it? Not a native for miles round could be obtained for this work, and at last the Deputy Conservator of Forests proposed that his elephants should knock the huts down on the top of the bodies, and that the huts should then be set on fire. To get rid of the fearful odor and the annoyance of the myriads of vultures which settled on every housetop, gorged to satiety with human flesh, the Commissioner was almost compelled to adopt the Deputy Conservator's suggestion. At any rate, twenty-five elephants came down from the kheddah that afternoon, and about sixty low caste Sonthals, forest department employees. Under threats and promises of large backsheesh

the Sonthals were induced to stick a hook which was attached to a long chain into the bodies of victims which were lying some distance from their huts, and then the chain was attached to the elephant who drew the corpse to the door of the hut. Time and time again the hook would come away from the decomposed body to the intense disgust of the Sonthal and the elephant. At last a mass of bodies about three feet high, and thirty feet long had been piled up, and the elephants then set to work to push the huts down onto the seething mass of corruption. The noble brutes seemed to know what was required of them and worked with a will. They dragged tons of wood and brush and piled it on the heap, and I saw one old tusker, who could not get some tree trunks into place, obtain help from a younger elephant who was working near by. At last the dreadful work was finished and about a dozen barrels of petroleum were emptied over the heap, and the Sonthals then set fire to it. The vultures who had seen all that had been done, moved away from the place, their horrible croak soon fading away into the distance. But at night the jackals made the place resound with their fiendish noise as they quarrelled among them selves over the remains of some dead child or man.

As the plague diminished, the natives returned to their old occupations, some richer, some poorer, but not any of them mourning for those they had lost.

But what would you, Sahib? Kismet!

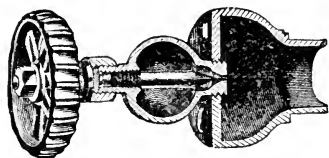


A 'Sick-Room' Hot Plate.

Burners and Valves—Their Use and Abuse.



THE accompanying sketch shows the usual style of valve and the air mixer, through which the gas is supplied to burner. It will be seen that the gas passes through and on to the burner in a small stream, the pressure of the gas and the small orifice through which it is forced, causing it to pass with great velocity.



With it is drawn the air, generally in the proportion of seven parts to one of gas. It is this combination which forms the blue, smokeless flame, and the greatest efficiency of heat.

The gas is controlled by the valve.

The air is governed by the shutter which is shown on the face of the mixer.

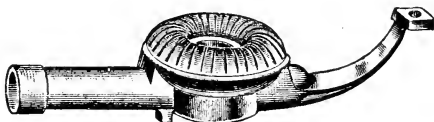
As a rule, the shutter should be open.

Bad combustion, or, in other words, a yellow, smoky, odorous flame, results from an imperfect mixture of the gas and air.

This may come from several causes, viz.: Lack of air supply, shutters closed too much, lack of velocity of the gas, the pressure being reduced by devices on the meter which cuts off the gas.

Stoves cannot be efficient without proper supply. It

often happens with a lack of gas, and with air shutters entirely open that a burner "fires back," or, in other words, the flame backs up and ignites in the air mixer where gas enters, the light shooting through to the burner, causing a disagreeable odor, and a smoky flame.



When this occurs, turn off gas and re-light. If the burner continues to fire back, close the shutters slightly until burner works right. It may be mentioned that in many instances firing back and other burner troubles result from burners being allowed to get covered with matter which clogs burner holes, and prevents free exit of gas, or grease and other accumulations on the air mixer, preventing full supply of air to mix with gas as it enters.

Cleanliness is absolutely necessary for the perfect and satisfactory usage of a gas range. Clean often with hot soda and water.

A soft, blowing sound sometimes emanates from a burner, especially when but one is lighted on the stove. This is the result of an abundance of air, and need not alarm the operator. If the burner does not fire back, it will make the flame all the hotter. Do not turn on too much gas.

A clean, blue flame, moderately high, will do more work than a large, yellow one, and is far cheaper.

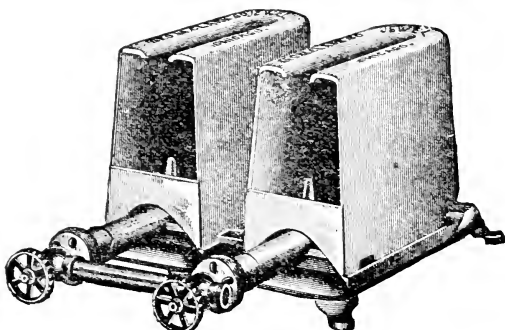
It is true that here, too much haste makes waste.

Don't expect too much.

Give the stove a chance.

Small leaks are sometimes reported near the valve wheels, or front of the stove. These usually are caused by the packing nut of the valve loosening by constant use, and can be quickly and easily tightened up with a turn of a small wrench, with which most modern ranges are supplied.

All ranges are fitted with a very small burner called a simmering burner. For all long boiling—vegetables, soups, stews, etc., this will be found a most economical feature.



A Tailor's Perfect Iron Heater.



To Clean Marble.—Mix three parts each of powdered chalk and pumice stone, with six parts of soda; then rinse with soap and water.

To Clean Matting.—Wash with weak solution of salt and water. Dry well with cloth.

To Prevent Mildew.—Place earthen dish full of quick lime in the damp closets, or other places, where it occurs.

Black Ivory.



DESPITE the strenuous exertions of the commanders of the gunboats which are sent by the different nations to cruise about the Persian Gulf to suppress the slave trade, the evil is to-day just as much slaving done there as ever there has been. From Muscat to Bussorah on the Shat-el-Arab there are slave markets in every town of importance, and it is impossible to visit the house of any merchant of standing without finding distinct and conclusive evidence that the traffic in black flesh and blood still exists.

I left Kurrachee on a journey to Bagdad on the S. S. Purulia. Our first port of call was Muscat, the ruler of which city is a Bedouin Arab who styles himself a Sultan. He is known to possess a very large number of slaves, and although the port and its maritime approaches are carefully watched by the gunboats, the capture of a slave dhow is an uncommon event. And yet there are hundreds of slaves in the place; how are they smuggled in?

My visit to Muscat was the first to a place where slavery really existed, and as I looked at the negroes working about the place, I could hardly believe that they were owned by the people for whom they worked. The first day I was ashore, I was leisurely wending my way in the direction of the Sultan's palace, and I was considerably astonished when an old and very courteous Arab approached me and invited me to visit his home. I had never seen the man before and I naturally enquired of him why he did me so much honor, seeing that we were utter strangers to each other. The Arab, whose name I subsequently found was Sheik Hassan-ben-Ezra, gravely and courteously replied: "that he had heard that the effendi was a servant of the British Government and would be likely to make a stay of some months in Muscat. Would not the effendi require servants? Naturally. Who could supply him so well as Sheik Hassan-

ben-Ezra? Would not the effendi mount a well trained ass and journey to the house of his servant, where Allah be praised, there was sweet, cool water to drink and dates of the finest to eat? Surely. The prophet would direct the steps of the effendi aright and turn his footsteps in the direction of the house of his servant."

My curiosity (or was it the courteous insistence of Hassan-ben-Ezra?) got the better of me, and I mounted the well trained ass, which, by the way, bit at me like a vicious bull dog as I mounted, and journeyed to the house of the supplier of servants.

When we arrived at the door of his dwelling, I dismounted, and an enormous negro approached and took charge of the ass. Hassan-ben-Ezra with dignified Eastern politeness invited me to enter his abode. The outside of the house consisted of mud walls of great thickness, and was altogether unprepossessing; but as we entered the courtyard, I was struck with the truly beautiful appearance of the interior. Around the courtyard were palms and fig trees, and a magnificent vine trellised from pillar to pillar, formed a grateful green wall, which sheltered the occupants of the house from the heat of the sun, which is intense during the day time. In the center of the courtyard was the usual well, this one being hewn out of solid rock to a great depth. A slave came to draw water and my friend, Sheik Hassan-ben-Ezra, invited me to watch the vessel sink to the bottom of the well. The depth was so great that it was impossible to see the bucket at the bottom, but as soon as it was brought to the surface, the Arab offered me a brass cup and told me, in the name of God, to drink of the coolest and sweetest water in Muscat—and he spoke the truth. The water was icy cold and deliciously sweet, and I then understood that the possession of such a well in that country meant wealth to the owner thereof, for the water always sold at a good price.

A carpet was now brought into the courtyard and on this we seated ourselves. The inevitable coffee, cigarettes, and hookahs were brought to us, and we then began to discuss the question of servants. "No doubt," said Sheik Hassan, "the effendi will

require a maid servant to prepare coffee, and also a strong man to attend to his horses; also a body servant; all of whom he had present in the house. Would the effendi have the goodness to look at the very best kind of servants?"

I signified my willingness to oblige him in this direction, and clapping his hands loudly as a signal to his servants, a young woman was brought out for inspection. She was a negress, and could not have been more than sixteen years of age. She was marked on each arm with three long scars, the Sheik's private mark of possession. Her owner went into ecstasies over her "good points;" she was good-tempered, strong and willing, and Holy Prophet! what coffee she could make! He finished up by addressing her thus: "Would you not like, oh Ayesha, my sweet lamb, to serve the effendi? He is even like unto the faithful, for does he not drink coffee, and use that best gift of God, tobacco, and wilt thou not prepare the grateful hookah with clever fingers?"

Poor Ayesha smirked and smiled and looked exceedingly uncomfortable, but answered something in very broken Arabic, which I took to mean that she would serve anybody so that she might escape from her master's clutches. The Arab then ordered her to retire, and two negroes were brought out to go through their paces for my edification. They were certainly magnificent specimens of physical manhood, but I could see immediately that their fetters had only just been taken off, as their ankles were sore, and in some places bleeding. The old Sheik expatiated at great length on the condition of these "servants," and after they had retired, I asked him to name the rice he wanted for them. The old rascal was much too wily to be caught or tricked into admitting himself to be a slave dealer, and he explained to me that the law did not allow him to sell them, but that as he had contracted for their labor for a long term of years he could, and was anxious, to "lease" them to me for a like period, in consideration of his receiving a stipulated sum, to be paid to him in Indian rupees or Turkish liras. After a lot of haggling about the price, which I kept at such a figure that I knew he would not accept, I left him and made my way

to the office of the British Consul, to whom I related what I had seen at the Shiek's house, and asked him if he could not procure the release of the slaves. He informed me that he had no power to do so, and even if he had the power, it would be an almost impossible job to prove that they were slaves, for the Sheik would, no doubt, have papers, duly authenticated, showing that he had "leased" the "servants" from some Arab of position in the interior. The consul further told me of a missionary who had tried to stop the buying and selling of slaves, more especially young girl slaves, but had met with no success, the very food sellers refusing to supply him with the necessaries of life, for interfering with matters, which, they said, did not concern him. "So," said the consul quoting an old Arab proverb, "he is high minded but empty bellied."

It was not until we arrived at Lingha, some two days later, that I learned how the slaves were smuggled into the towns from the slave dhows. At this place I met a young Greek who rejoiced in the patronymic of Negroponti. He was a dealer in pearls, and Lingha is the principal port of shipment of all pearls taken in the Persian Gulf pearl fisheries. Whether he dealt in slaves as well, is, with me, quite an open question; for he seemed exceedingly well posted on all the doings of the local slave dealers. He informed me that the captains of the slave dhows, some of whom, to their eternal shame, be it said, were Greeks and Levantines, who had become converted to Mahomedanism, landed heir cargoes at night, and kept the wretched slaves in caves and rocky fastnesses along the coast sometimes for weeks together, the dhows meanwhile, making their way into port, where they landed three parts of their crews. The dhows were then sailed back short handed to where the slaves had been put ashore and there made up the full complement of their crews with slaves. They then returned to port. Had they been overhauled by a gunboat, they could not have been seized, for there was only the crew and apparently no slaves on board. By making a good many trips of this kind, the slave dealers could pass into the country large cargoes of slaves with absolutely no fear of detection. Of course, there was great risk of their be-

ing captured if they tried to land a whole cargo at once at any of the Gulf ports, and it was quite risky enough, so Negroponti declared, to land the slaves at the different points where the caves and hiding places were situated. So enthusiastic did he become about the profits which were to be made in the "business," that I had severe doubts as to whether some of his very evident prosperity was not in some measure due to his having at odd times engaged in the illicit traffic. However, this might be, he had no less than nine "servants" at his very small house where he could not possibly have employed them, for he lived like an arab as regards both food and clothing, and as all the "servants" were marked with numerous cicatrices on arm and back, I have no doubt that they had been, if they were not at that time, slaves.

At Lingha, as at Muscat, it was possible to buy, or rather, I should say, "lease" any number of "servants," and at this port the traffic is carried on even more openly than at Muscat. I went to see some of the servants here, and one old arab had for sale a negress with red hair and blue eyes. She would have made a fortune for an enterprising showman. Her owner was quite willing to dispose of her very cheaply, for she was not to the taste of arab buyers. I thought her rather a fine looking woman, and said so to her owner. He did not agree with me, and after saying that perhaps unbelievers would think she was beautiful, he ended his remarks, arab-like, with a proverb: "that even a worm was a beauty in the eyes of its mother." This same old boy was rather a sharp wag, for on Negroponti questioning him as to where he procured the "servants," and making remarks the reverse of complimentary about them, the arab replied, "My son my hair is white with the weight of years, and you are but a child. Listen to my words. Do not place yourself between the onion and its skin, for you will not escape therefrom without being tainted with the odor," meaning to say, that Negroponti should not know anything, or profess to know anything, about either slaves or slaves dealers, or he might be accused of being in the "business" himself.

After leaving Lingha, our next port of call was Bushire, the

sea-port of the land of the Lion and the Sun—Persia. At anchor in the roads here I had the pleasure of seeing Persia's only man-of-war. She had been an old English cargo steamer, and had been bought and transformed into a parody of a fighting vessel by the Shah. She was commanded by an old German sea-dog who had to be carried about by "servants" owing to a terrible attack of gout. He informed me that he had "leased" these negroes, and that they had been with him for some years. As to his vessel, he could get five knots of speed out of her if he took a great risk of the boilers bursting, and as the man-of-war had been in commission, and he in command of her, for nine years, and during that time she had never once been in dry-dock, it was conceivable that the vessel was practically useless for stopping slaving. At this place I experienced considerable difficulty in finding men who had servants to lease. Bushire is a very large town, and there are a considerable number of Europeans living there; consequently the arabs keep the trade as secret as possible. One Persian Arab offered me some young negroes, but I only saw one of them and he was a eunuch. Nevertheless, this town is a great center of the slave trade in the Persian Gulf.

Leaving Bushire at five o'clock one afternoon, we arrived at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, a branch of the Euphrates, the next morning at nine. We had taken an Arab pilot at Bushire, but he was nearly, or quite useless, to the captain of our vessel. He was a "hadji," or a man who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and consequently, a very holy individual. Every two or three hours he would flop down on his knees and recite sundry prayers to the prophēt in a very high pitched voice, to the intense disgust and annoyance of the captain. Now and again, the pilot's "servant" would bring his master a hookah and some coffee, when the pilot, with true Arab hospitality, would invite the captain to share the good things. I need hardly say that our skipper promptly declined the invitation every time, to the apparent astonishment of the pilot. At last, however, we anchored just outside the bar, and a small steamer came alongside to relieve our vessel of some two hundred tons of cargo, so that we might be light enough to pass up the river to Bussorah.

Here again I noticed that a great many of the stevedores laborers were marked with scars on arms and backs as a sign that they were slaves. I enquired of one of them as to whether he was really a slave or only a contract laborer, but his Arabic was so broken and incoherent, that I was unable to obtain any information from him.

The quarantine officer at Bussorah was a Greek, and from him I learned that all the men and women who were disfigured with scars on their backs and arms were, in reality, slaves, working for their owners and receiving only the food which they eat, and the few filthy rags they wore in return for their labor.

I should be inclined to say that Bussorah, the sea-port of Turkish Arabia, has changed very little, if at all, since the days of the first of the Caliphs. The bazaars are situated in immense tunnels, on each side of which are niches about six feet square. These very small spaces are occupied by arab storekeepers, with here and there a Yahoudi, or Jew money-changer, clothed in the yellow galerdine which his race are here forced to wear. A most unpleasant odor is at all times prevalent in the bazaars, owing to decomposed fruit and fish which is thrown out into the middle of the road. Camels, donkeys, and horses rush down the middle of the tunnel scarcely giving one time to step aside to avoid being run down. Occasionally one sees a band of fierce looking Bedouins passing along, stopping here and there to make purchases, mostly gunpowder and caps, or cheap Manchester goods. At each corner of the several bazaars stands a Turkish policeman, a very dirty, slipshod looking individual for a guardian of the peace, armed with rifle, bayonet and sabre. These police officers seemed to have a very summary manner of enforcing their orders to "clear the roads." I noticed a very old Jew crossing the bazaar when a Turkish official, preceded by the two regulation eunuchs was riding along. The policeman yelled to the Israelite to get out of the way, but I suppose that he was deaf and did not hear. At any rate, the officer did not speak a second time, but crossing over to the Jew, he hit him a most unholy whack with the stock of his rifle right in the middle of the back, and sent the poor fellow sprawling. No no-

tice of this was taken by the bystanders, and it did not appear to be anything out of the common.

The brokers for the slave dealers in Bussorah were mostly—save the mark—chemists and druggists, of whom there were a great many in the bazaars. I wandered into one of these drug stores, the proprietor of which was a very grave looking Arab. He told me that he was the best “hakim” in the town, and had performed numberless cures little short of miraculous, and would, if I so desired, prepare me a charm to guard me against all sickness and evil. On the other side of the bazaar there was also a drug store, the proprietor of which kept his eyes fixed upon us intently. I paid no attention to him, but listened to what my friend the hakim had to say.

We were still engaged together in “melancholy but energetic conversation,” when suddenly I saw the other druggist assume an expression of respect, mingled with intense expectancy. He made toward me, pressed my arm, and with a confidential wink, invited me to enter his store. I went. My departure considerably disturbed the equanimity of my friend the “hakim,” and after hurling insult after insult with gatling-gun rapidity at my new friend, he finished by saying, in a very grave voice: “God bless your mother. She was a great deal more profligate than your father.” This last insult seemed to settle the matter, and I then turned to look at my new friend.

What a queer looking devil he was! Encased in a loose, ginger-bread colored burnouse, which no doubt harbored a colony, on his feet a wretched pair of slippers, most tragically cracked in sundry places, a pair of gloomy looking eyes rolling beneath the undulating folds of a “Kaffeah,” or turban, which had once been white, while the hollow notes of a doleful voice wound their way out of his throat through a reed pen which he was champing between his teeth.

“Look there!” said my new friend, Omar-ben-Achmet, pointing a long, lean forefinger in the direction of his opponent, “look there, and the effendi, who can sift truth from lies, will see the greatest liar in all the realms of the Padishah!” He told me that the account given by the medicine vender opposite of the

miraculous cures he had effected was a long tissue of lies. His opponent, he said, was an empirical shoemaker and a liar; but that he! Omar-ben-Achmet! was the hakim par excellence of Bussorah. He possessed innumerable recipes for the cure of cataract, and he could allay fever with a verse from the Koran and a piece of burnt cork. He knew, also, how to concoct a variety of apocryphal beverages under the name of cooling drinks, but nobody but an Arab could by any possibility swallow them, for the odor from them was fearfully disgusting. Heaven alone knew the formulae of those horrible potions. According to himself, this Omar-ben-Achmet was a universal panacea. For every disease he knew a remedy, and if anything could surpass his science, it was his desire to make himself useful to me.

At last it came to the all important question of "servants," and Omar-ben-Achmet pressed me to accompany him to the house of a friend of his, who, he said, had splendid "servants" to "lease." Calling to a neighbor to attend to his "dukhan" or store, Omar-ben-Achmet and I sallied forth together. Now, Omar's opponent had not quite recovered his good temper yet, and he called to me, "Follow the owl, effendi, and he will lead thee to a ruined place!" At this, a lot more bickering occurred, until at last, Omar became tired of it and limped toward me. Up till this time I had not noticed that he was lame, but my attention was quickly drawn to the fact by our old friend hurling another Arab proverb at Omar: "Among wonderful things is a sore-eyed person who is an oculist." This was too much for Omar, and he made his way at such a rapid rate that I could hardly keep up with him.

After a walk of about half a mile we arrived at the house where the "servants" were on view. There were two women and five men, all of them suffering from that scourge of Arabia—ophthalmia. Of course, this was a very good excuse for my not doing any "business," and Omar, rather crestfallen, begged me to accompany him to another "friend's" house. This I declined to do that day, and suggested that we should refresh ourselves at a coffee shop instead. Omar cheerfully acceded to my proposal, more especially as it was not going to cost him any-

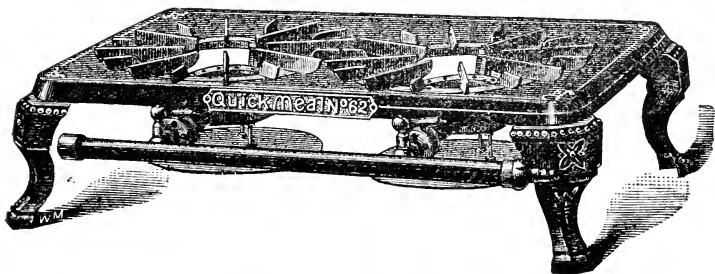
thing. The coffee served at these establishments is certainly delicious, but excessively strong, and only one accustomed to drink it can partake of three or four cups. A fragrant hookah is served to you with your coffee, and one can pass a very delightful hour in the coffee shop divan watching the tide of life pass by.

It was at this coffee shop that I saw my first Arab troubadour. The profession of ballad singing appears to have superseded, as a means of parasitical existence, the old family poets and Arabian story tellers. The troubadour is now the lion of all coffee houses he has his hookah and coffee at a multitude of divans. He enjoys the privilege of entrance into all courtyards, whether great or small. He is considered and treated as a neutral being, of no possible consequence to anybody. The trade of troubadour requires, moreover, no other capital, or stock in trade than an ancient burnouse, and a voice a great deal the worse for wear. My troubadour was a short, thick-set man, with huge rounded shoulders, fat black cheeks, ornamented with old cicatrices of small pox, and an abdomen protruding like that of a captain in the National Guard. Nothing on earth could be more amusing than to watch the pains this corpulent minstrel took with himself, in order to impart to his black, joyous face a melancholy, languishing, or die-away expression, so as to harmonize with the songs which he sang. I could hardly refrain from laughing outright to hear him complaining of his "misery," his "despair," "his journey towards the tomb," and the "frail tenure of his existence." Of a verity, Hercules with the distaff is not a whit more ridiculous than Hercules singing love songs.

His songs, to Arab ears, must have been much above par, for the audience all gravely applauded when he finished, and one noble looking old Arab invited him to drink coffee with him, and smoke his hookah. At this, the troubadour, unable to conceal his gratitude, burst forth into song, eulogising the Arab and his family for their "magnificent generosity." During my stay in Bussorah, which lasted two weeks, I made a point of seeing my minstrel every day, so much did I enjoy watching his nat-

urally joyous face, wrinkle into sad and melancholy curves when he sang.

At last we steamed up the Euphrates to Bagdad. What a hot, scorching journey it was, too. No ice, bad food, myriads of sand flies and mosquitos, all these combined to make the journey as unbearable as it could well be, and we were all unspeakably glad when Bagdad was in sight. The trade in slaves at this city is not conducted in such an open manner as at Bus-sorah, but it is possible to "lease" "servants" with very little difficulty. All the high Turkish officials own slaves and are quite cognizant of the fact of the slave dealing which takes place. I spoke to one old Jew slave dealer whom I knew had "servants" to "lease," and asked him how it was that he was never caught, or at least, heavily blackmailed by the minor officials. He answered me, as usual, with a proverb: "If the moon be with thee, thou needest not to care about the stars"—meaning that he had squared the highest authorities and had no need to trouble himself about officials of lower grades.



A Popular Two-Hole Hot-Plate.

Heating by Gas.

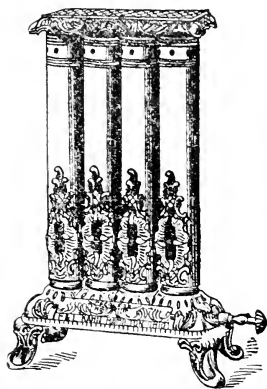


THE matter of heating is equally as important as cooking. Both are necessities, and it is justly claimed that gas heat is unequalled for a steady, reliable, and uniform temperature.

This fact has been thoroughly established by the introduction of this domestic fuel throughout the cities of the United States, and its application in many forms, and on a large scale, in churches, hotels, schools and hospitals, also in various manufacturing establishments.

The great popularity and increasing demand for ordinary, portable cylinder heaters and radiators for

home and office use is responsible for a great variety of styles and designs in this line, some most ornamental and artistic. The accompanying cut shows the ordinary Russia-iron cylinder heater, which can be purchased from \$1.00 up. We also show cut of a very popular radiator. Both heaters and radiators are made in different sizes to suit needs of consumer, the ordinary size being ample for heating a room 14 feet square, with a gas consumption of from

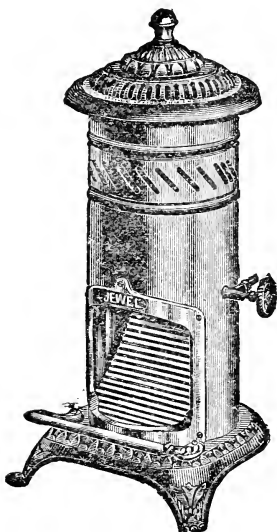


Gas Radiator

10 to 20 cu. ft. per hour—certainly an inexpensive, a

most convenient and satisfactory method of quickly heating a room.

Portable heaters, as a rule, are attached to the gas fixture by a tubing. This permits its use in any room where it may be needed, the gas supply from an ordinary jet being sufficient to supply a heater of standard size.



In connecting a heater, a brass neck attached to the tubing, and usually furnished with it, fits snugly into the pillar of the fixture after the lava tip is removed. The hook should be carefully inserted in order to prevent any leak, and tubing should not be trodden on, as it is lined with a fine wire coil, which, when flattened, stops supply of gas and renders the tubing useless.

Always keep cock on heater *closed*, until prepared to light it.

Where a heater or radiator is to be stationary, it should, by all means, be substantially connected with iron pipe, and a stop cock provided whereby the gas may be shut off, and heater removed when not needed. In using heaters do not turn on at jet and allow gas to accumulate in the heater before lighting; and when you turn off heat, shut both the cock on the heater, and the key at the fixture.

Mahommet versus Vishnu.



CHITPORE, the scene of many serious riotings between Hindoos and Mahommedans, is a suburb of India's greatest city—Calcutta—and has always borne a most unsavory reputation, not only for disloyalty, but for crime of every description.

The Chitpore district is inhabited principally by a low class of Hindoos and Mussulmans, who, when they are not engaged in internecine strife, work in the local jute and rice mills; but there are many very wealthy merchants, both Hindoo and Mahommedan, who carry on their different commercial enterprises in the Chitpore road. This road leads direct from Calcutta to Chitpore, a distance of four and one-half miles, and with its old and shabby native houses, whose wooden verandahs face the street, is a fit scene for an artist who can portray Oriental life, for mere words can convey no accurate impression of the marvellous incongruities of a native Indian business thoroughfare.

The dark and murky dens which constitute the ground floors of the houses are filled with goods of every description from all countries. Here are to be found elephant tusks from Nepaul, Persian Jewelry, rich shawls from Cashmere, piece goods of every description and of every vulgar color from Manchester, idols from Burma and Birmingham, cheap perfumes from France and Germany, silks from Japan and China, and the entire road is pervaded with the pungent odor of essential oils, such as sandal and attar of roses, which are being sold by the Mahommedan perfume venders from Kabul.

Let us watch the "soona," or native jeweler, as he sits cross-legged before his charcoal fire with no tools, except a small hammer and blow pipe. What splendid work he is turning out in the shape of anklets, bracelets, toe-rings, nose-rings and other articles with which the Indian maiden, be she Hindoo or Mahommedan, delights to deck herself. From near by comes

the peculiar sound made by the engraver of brass "lotahs," or drinking vessels, as he engraves on them the image of Hanu-rann, the monkey god, or of Kali, the four-handed, the goddess of cruelty, the sound of his small chisel reminding one of the sharp, musical din of the jungle cricket.

Here is a store for crockery and water vessels, all made in the district of Chitpore, and for a few—a very few—small copper coins you can purchase a terra cotta vase or drinking vessel, the artistic design and proportion of which could not be produced in a European or American city by the same class of craftsmen for a hundred times the amount. At the stall on the edge of the sidewalk stands a native vender of drugs. Watch the mother holding up her sick infant to the venerable looking quack who presides at the stall. She is a Mahommedan, and is asking for a "jadoo" or charm to ward off evil from her child; the quack scribbles a verse or two from the Koran on a piece of papyrus and binds it on the baby's arm; the mother, after paying the "hakim," goes away superbly confident in the efficacy of the remedy. The next drug stall is in charge of a Brahmin. There is an old man with badly ulcerated legs, asking for medicine. The Brahmin daubs the patient's forehead with some horrible looking paint, prostrates himself two or three times before an idol which is on the stall, mumbles a few incantations, and the patient goes away happy. If a Brahmin cannot cure him, who can?

Listen to the "bheesti" or water carrier. "Oh, brother of mine, buy water! Sweet it is, and cool as the melons of Agra. Do I not carry it in the skin of a goat that was without blemish? Buy water, brother of mine!" What a strange tide of life is ebbing through the street; the Mahommedan beggar and the Hindoo fakir pass along, stopping at each store to hold up a dried gourd into which the charitably disposed may drop their alms; the sleek, calm and cunning looking "bunnia," or money lender from Marwar slinks along like an embodied wickedness, looking from side to side out of the corners of his eyes as if he were (and he is) constantly on the watch for some poor, defaulting debtor; here come venders of fruit and vegetables with heavy

baskets on their heads, followed by a bustling Bengali broker, who fills the air with the voice of cheap bargains. What is that noise you hear, like the beating of a side drum? Look! It is a leper who is rattling a small tantom as he crawls along. Don't be frightened; he will not approach you. See, he is holding out a long bamboo with a tin cup fastened to the end of it. That is for money.

Let us turn away from the disgusting sight and move along the Chitpore road a little faster so as to get away from the overpowering odor of boiling "ghee" and sugar which emanates from the shop of the "meethai walla" or sweet meat seller. Yonder is the office of the "Bengali Patriot," a native news organ, which is largely responsible for the present trouble between the Hindoos and Mahommedans. There has been no bubonic plague in Chitpore, and the authorities never at any time, except plague time, interfere with the domestic life of the natives; even if a search warrant is required by the police, the magistrate who issues it invariably gives strict orders that it is to be used only by an officer of the same caste as the inmate of the dwelling that is to be searched. Why, then, has there been any rioting?

Let us interview the editor of the Bengali Patriot; he may be able to inform us as to the cause of the trouble. We make our way over to the office and present our cards to the "durwan" or porter, who with a grave salaam assures us that he will deliver them at once to Babu Mohendra Lall Dutt, who is the editor. Will the sahibs rest themselves in the meantime? The sahibs do not rest themselves, as the chairs with string seats have an appearance of being colonized by a species of small game which shall be unmentioned. The porter is gone some time. The reason of this is not far to seek. Some three years ago, Mohendra Lall's brother was a *redacteur en chef* of the Bengali Patriot. At that time the mango trees were being smeared throughout Bengal with cow-dung and the unleavened "chupatti" or cake was being sent with alarming rapidity from village to village. There was not the slightest doubt that this was a sign to devout Hindoos to hold themselves in readiness to rise against their hated *feringhi* conquerors, and Mohendra Lall's

brother had spurred on the malcontents by appealing to their religious ardor, at the same time assuring them that once the English were driven from the country the Hindoos would, with the aid of Vishnu, conquer those sons of Belial, the Mahomedans, and reinstate the old Hindoo "Raj" again, with a natural sequence, that all Hindoos would then have a good time.

Now, Her Imperial Majesty's Government of India did not think that such an advanced education was good for the masses and called on the editor of the Bengali Patriot to show cause why he should not be prosecuted for sedition and treason. It is to be presumed that his showing was unsuccessful for the authorities invited him to spend a twenty years vacation at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands, where he no doubt has ample opportunity to improve his physical, if not his moral condition.

What is that man reading to his companions? It is a scurrilous article penned by Mohendra Lall Dutt in the Bengali Patriot. Hear the murmurs of the crowd round the newspaper office; listen to their angry comments on the attitude of the government as set forth by Mohendra Lall Dutt. No wonder the editor is so dilatory in coming out to see us. He has, no doubt, a vision of myrmidons of the law, escorting him to the thannah or police station in the Chitpore road, the said thannah more than likely being his first halt on the road to Port Blair to join his brother.

At last the porter returns and informs us that the editor sahib sends us salaams, this being equivalent to an invitation to enter. We proceed along a dark musty-smelling passage at the end of which we find Babu Mohendra Lall Dutt duly ensconced in an office, the floor of which is literally covered with the long round pillows so dear to the heart of the Bengali. The editor is lolling about among the pillows as we enter, but promptly springs to his feet when he sees us and salaams. He is honored greatly by the visit of the sahibs to his poor office. What can he offer the sahibs for refreshment? Nothing? Will the sahibs not drink tobacco? We declined all kinds of refreshments and inform Mohendra Lall Dutt of the object of our visit. He is very

suspicious of us at first, but this gradually wears off as we assure him of our friendly feelings toward him.

To what does he ascribe the ill-feeling which has arisen among the natives against the government? "Will the sahibs give ear unto his voice for a few minutes?"

"The sahibs must know that our sons are now being educated in the English fashion, and as a consequence have learned the art of government. Why should not they have a voice in the affairs of their own country? Are they not Hindoos of a good caste? Do not they pay taxes to the great white queen? Are they not intellectual men, capable of governing the miserable Mahommedans?"

To this we answer that the Mahommedans will also want a voice in the council, as evidenced by the articles being published daily in the "Islami-ka-Beta," or "Sons of Islam."

"Sahibs, the Mahommedans are jackals; their fathers were pigs and their mothers the servants of sin. Why should they want anything to say about the government of the country? We Hindoos are men of good caste, and would be contaminated by associating with the meat-eating brutes of Mahommedans."

Any real information Mohendra Lall Dutt may possess he evidently declines to give us, and we rise to depart, the editor clothed only in a greasy waist-cloth, escorts us to the door, where the angry, noisy crowds are still congregated. We hear remarks passed about "pigs of mahommedans" and "feringhies of no caste" as we walk through the crowd to the office of the "Islami-ka-Beta."

We present our cards to the Mahommedan porter at the door, and almost immediately are ushered into the presence of Sheik-ben-Hossei-ben-Achmet, the editor. With a grave and courtly salaam he asks in what manner he can serve us. We inform him of the object of our visit and ask him to give us his version of the matter.

"The sahibs are nobles and they know that a follower of the holy prophet cannot lie. Will their lordships, the noble sahibs, open wide their ears and listen to the words of Ben Hossein ben Achmet, who is a doctor, learned in the law? Sahibs, the miser-

able infidels of Hindoos are responsible for the whole trouble. Do they not daily insult us in the columns of their journals? Do they not revile our holy religion? It is only yesterday morning, sahibs, that Mohendra Lall Dutt, the editor of the Patriot, (he is the son of Shitan and a sow) sent some low caste Hindoos (chamars they were, sahibs and the sons of burned fathers) with a crowd of pigs to the holy mosque of Hassan and Hossein which the sahibs have just passed in the road. These low caste brutes drove the pigs into the door of the musjid, and, of course, sahibs, the Mahommedans could no less than protect the holy shrine from such desecration. This was the cause of yesterday's trouble, and the followers of the prophet, in revenge, killed a cow at the gate of the temple of Durga. Sahibs, we Mahommedans have no grievance against the government of our great mother, the empress, but we will have the same privileges that are accorded to the pig-eating Hindoos. Of course Sahibs, when men's passions are inflamed as were those of my brethren yesterday, they would attack anybody who came between them and their revenge, but we are not a disloyal people, sahibs, although there are some men who call themselves Mahommedans mixed up in the agitation. They are bringing discredit on our holy religion. Have we not eaten the salt of the Sircar? Then why should we, sons of Mahommed, be unfaithful to our salt?"

Ben-Hossein-ben-Achmet's view of the matter is really the correct one. The Hindoos, for purposes of their own, are constantly stirring up caste against caste, religion against religion in India. The authorities are compelled to crush all such petty risings, and then the peaceable but ignorant Mahommedans imagine that the Government of India is responsible for any bloodshed which may occur. The editor who is a reverend looking Mahommedan with a long, white beard, bows us out of the office. In the Chitpore road the crowd is growing larger and larger every minute and we hasten to our gharri to get away before the inevitable fight occurs. At the town end of the road we see two companies of Highland Light Infantry with two Maxim guns marching down to the scene of the trouble. Be-

hind them come two or three magistrates who are riding down the road to read the riot act before ordering the troops to clear the streets. All the stores have been hastily closed, and in many instances strongly baricaded. Women crouch in the doors of the temples and mosques, children huddle closer to their mothers, who are trembling with fear for their offspring. Now we hear it begin, like thunder a long way off. Allah Ackbar! La Allah illa Allah! comes clear and strong from the minaret of the mosque. The muezzin himself, with his hands placed over his ears in the orthodox manner, has by calling the faithful to prayer, given the signal for the fight to commence. La Allah illa Allah! Allah Ackbar! Mohammed dao, dossul illa. Listen to the fierce war cry of the Mahommedans! Now comes the answering cry of the followers of Vishnu. Ram! Ram! Sita Ram! Gunga Ma! How horrible it all sounds.

Suddenly we hear the bugle ring out for the troops to advance at the double, and then commences a series of shrieks and shouts as the bayonets of the Highlanders do their awful work. Our driver has galloped his horses all the way, and we are now fast approaching the city of Calcutta, glad to get away from the scene of the tumult.

The next morning's newspaper tells us how many killed and wounded.

Hindoos and Mahommedans were taken away in the ambulance wagons. We stroll slowly down the Chitpore road during the day, but beyond a few stores having been demolished, there is no apparent difference in the appearance of the place.

Enquire of any native who may be standing near how many were killed. He will reply: "Allah only knows, Sahib. Kismet. God is great." That is the way of the Indian native.



To Drive Out the Ra's.—Place a little corrosive sublimate in their holes. Handle carefully. Poisonous.

To Remove Fly Specs.—Use alcohol or ammonia.

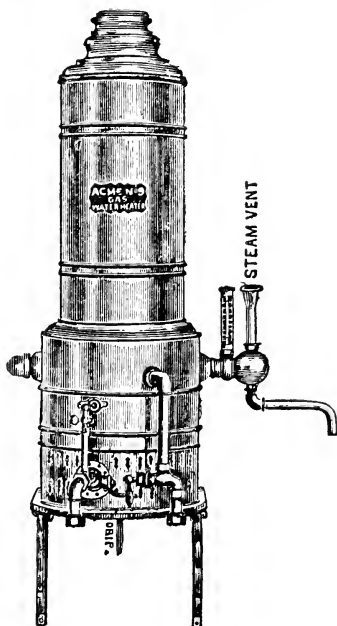
Instantaneous Heaters.



THE accompanying cut shows an Acme instantaneous water heater for bath rooms. The quickest, cheapest, and most convenient and reliable of all appliances designed to furnish instant and unlimited hot water supply. Too much cannot be said as to the merit and popularity of this heater, which for less than 2 cts. will furnish hot water enough for a bath in five minutes after lighting.

Ready at all hours, always available, and never failing in its efficiency, this ornamental appliance is placed at the head of the bath tub, and needs only the application of a match to the burner, and the turning on of the water. Simple in construction, once lighted, it needs no attention, and will run itself until gas cock is closed.

These heaters, like all other gas appliances, are made in various sizes according to the water flow desired. From one to three gallons per minute at a temperature of 120° can be obtained. An especially ornamental heater six inches in diameter is manufactured for the use of physicians, and for bed rooms,



where instantaneous water is needed. These are placed on the wall above the wash basin, are handsomely nickeled, and afford a most convenient and quick means of obtaining instantaneously a small flow of water at any temperature desired. The less water turned on, the greater the heat.



To Remove Wine Stains on Tablecloths.—Drop a little salt on the spot. It will absorb the wine.

To Clean Kid Shoes.—Rub well with cream and ink mixed.

Tea and Coffee Stains.—Use boiling water and powdered borax
Do not use soap or other alkali.

Salt and Lemon Juice.—Will remove iron rust. Drop on the salt, and squeeze the lemon on it. Allow to dry in the sun.

To Remove Glass Stoppers.—Warm neck of bottle.

To Disinfect Sinks and Drain Hoppers —Use copperas, 2 lbs., to gallon of water; pulverize and dissolve.



A "Manhattan" Oyster-Cooker.

The Power of Luchmee.



DURING the year 1884, I was stationed with my regiment, the 12th Bengal Lancers, at Chanda, a small town in the Central Provinces of India. In June of this year, quite a number of rich natives of the town had been decoyed away and strangled by thugs, and the station was thrown into such a state of terror by these frequent atrocities, that no resident would venture to leave his house or store after sunset, without providing himself with a strong escort.

This condition of affairs naturally had a very bad effect on the general business and trade of the town, and the leading merchants and tradesmen at last petitioned the "Burra Lat Sahib," or Commissioner of the district, to offer large rewards for the capture of the thugs, the petitioners being willing to pay the amounts necessary from their own private funds.

Society at Chanda was made up almost entirely of military and civil officers and their wives, and as is customary in India, the courtesies of our mess were extended to the commissioner of the district, the superintendent of police, the civil surgeon, and sundry others who occupied official positions in Chanda, it being quite a recognised custom that they should dine at mess once or twice a week.

We had all dined together one evening in the terribly hot month of July and were taking our ease on the verandah of the mess-bungalow, some of us lolling in hammocks, others laying at full length in the long cane chairs so dear to the heart of the Anglo-Indian, when suddenly we heard the sharp challenge of the sentry on guard at the gate ring out on the clear night air.

The answer to the challenge evidently did not satisfy the sentry for his stern command to "halt" was followed in a few moments by his appearance before us, driving in front of him a native, whose only clothing was a white "dhoti," or waist cloth, such as is usually worn by the native police. The sentry's pris-

oner proved to be the "havildar," or sergeant of the native police of Chanda, and he appeared to be extremely uncomfortable owing to the very close proximity of the sentry's bayonet to the small of his back. With profound salaams the prisoner informed us that we were "his father and mother," and that he also was a servant of the great "Sirkar," or Indian Government, and his duty had required him to come to the mess-bungalow at this late hour, as he had news of the greatest importance to communicate to the "Burra Police Sahib," or superintendent of police.

Now, Major Holmes, the superintendent of police, was a gentleman who had a hankering after the good things of this life, and he by no means enjoyed being disturbed in such a delightful siesta, as he was taking in a hammock on a cool part of the verandah, and when he made his appearance to listen to the havildar's story, his temper was the reverse of angelic. The sentry, on seeing the superintendent of police, returned to his post, and Hira Lall, the havildar, feeling intensely relieved at the removal of the sentry's bayonet, saluted his superior officer and at once began to pour forth with great volubility, a long account of a fight which was raging between Hindoos and Mahomedans at a village called Ranigunge, about twenty miles distant from Chanda. The major very quickly cut short the havildar's story, telling him not to stand chattering there "like an owl, or a man of a monkey's caste," but to deliver his report quickly and clearly and return to his duty; but the major knew, as did we all, that for a native police officer to deliver a report quickly was an impossibility, and it was with a feeling of ennui that we settled down to listen to the policeman's story.

The havildar, with another deep salaam, began his report anew. "The sahib is a great lord, May it please the sahib, as I was sitting in the Thannah (police-station) writing my report for the day, there entered one, Nilkunto Rai, a constable of the district of Ranigunge. He was wearied with travel, and no food or water had touched his lips since he left his post to bring the information to the burra sahib, who is a great lord and will have many sons. Moreover, sahib, he is a Brahmin, a pure man of

high caste, and can speak no lies. Therefore, the sahib can open wide his ears and believe the report which his servant, Nilkunto Rai, the constable, has brought unto him, the same being a true version of affairs at Ranigunge, Sahib, Nilkunto Rai is a Brahmin and a holy man.

"The sahib knows that the village of Ranigunge is mostly inhabited by Mahommedans, whose fathers are dogs and whose mothers are servants of sin, and that the Hindoos who live in the same village are a law-abiding people. It has happened, sahib, that Hassan Ali, the hide merchant of Ranigunge, has taken unto himself the daughter of Mahomet Ismail, the tailor, for a wife. Yesterday was the day set for the marriage feast, and the brethren of Hassan Ali—men of no caste and whose prophet was a jackal—brought a bullock for the feast near to the sacred temple of Krishna, which the sahib knows is a shrine of great sanctity, and they there slew the bullock and defiled the holy shrine with blood. The burra sahib knows that we Hindoos are a law-abiding people, but sahib, how greatly was the blood of the holy Brahmins inflamed at such an outrage! Krishna had to be appeased by religious ceremonies and offerings, and moreover, it was but just that the mosque of the dogs of Mahommedans should be defiled.

"As the sahib knows, there are some men of low caste living in Ranigunge; the words of the constable, Nilkunto Rai, who is a Brahmin, a pure minded man, who can speak no lie, are, that a holy sonneshi, or jogi, I know not which, commanded these low caste men to take a pig—who is the father of Mahommedans—and slay it in the musjid of the sons of Mahomet. Now, sahib, these Mahommedans, sons of burnt fathers, armed themselves with sticks and resisted the men who were driving the pig into the mosque, but the Hindoos, having given much prayer to Kali, would not be denied, and they also armed themselves with heavy sticks, and in the name of Krishna, struck against the bestial sons of meat-eating jackals. Sahib, you will hear what wicked men are these followers of Mahommed—may their graves be defiled with pork—they have killed nine Hindoos, among whom was a holy jogi who was greatly revered; whereas

the Hindoos have killed only two Mahommedans—may their souls be everlastingly burnt. Sahib, the request of the havildar of Ranigunge is that your highness may send ten men of good caste to Ranigunge to protect the people of our holy religion. Nilkunto Rai, the constable, a man of high caste, a Brahmin who cannot lie, says also, sahib, that ten men are required."

Having arrived at the end of his long-winded report, the havildar saluted and enquired if the burra-sahib had any orders for him. The major, who seemed greatly perturbed at the havildar's report, replied in the negative and dismissed him to his duty.

"Well, this is a fine state of affairs," exclaimed the major, "on top of this thuggee business, the cow killing has started again. Dalrymple, I am afraid I shall have to ask you to run over to Ranigunge and settle matters there if possible. As to sending ten men from here, that is impossible, and entirely out of the question. All our men are urgently wanted here on this cursed thug duty, but you can take an orderly and ride over to-night to see if matters have really gone as far as the havildar would have us believe. If you think that his report is true, you can send a runner in with your news in the morning, and I will ask the colonel to send a troop of lancers to keep order there. You had better send out your extra horse at once to the tenth mile, and you can start about midnight. There is a full moon and it will be a delightful ride for you."

"Glad you think so, chief," replied Harry Dalrymple, the assistant superintendent of police. "I don't feel very keen about it myself; but needs must when the devil drives, I suppose. I will be off about twelve o'clock and let you have all the news by the morning's post runner."

Harry Dalrymple was a fair-haired young fellow of twenty-two, whose winning manners and proved courage had made him a universal favorite. He had been in India only about a year and a half, and already his superior officers were predicting for him a rapid rise in the service. Had the major had any presentiment that his sub's journey would end disastrously, nothing on earth could have induced him to allow the lad to proceed to Ranigunge that night.

A few minutes before midnight, Dalrymple ordered his groom to bring his horse to the bungalow, and while he was making ready to depart, he remarked to the major that he did not think he would take an orderly with him, as there were no horses in the police stables which could keep up with his own horse Rajah, and besides, an orderly was a nuisance, anyhow. The major replied that he left the matter entirely in the hands of his sub, warning him at the same time, not to proceed on such a journey unarmed. Dalrymple assured his chief that he was fully armed, and after bidding everybody goodnight, he sprang into the saddle and cantered down the avenue en route to Ranigunge.

The road to Ranigunge was fairly good to the tenth mile, but from there onward to the village of Muttrapore, a bridle path through the jungle was the only route open to him. Having arrived at the tenth mile, he changed horses and had ridden a couple of miles or so farther towards his destination, when he thought he heard a shout for help. The sound seemed from the direction of a small clearing about two hundred yards ahead of him, and putting spurs to his horse he galloped toward the place from whence he imagined the cries for help had proceeded. As he turned the corner of the path, he was forced to pull up suddenly to avoid riding over a man who was lying prostrate on the ground. Near the man stood four burly natives. They were unarmed, but if Dalrymple had inspected them closely, he would have found that they were covered from head to foot with grease.

The man on the ground was moaning piteously, and from time to time he cursed the men who had injured him, as well as their female ancestors. For these last, he, in true Hindoo fashion, reserved his choicest anathemas. Dalrymple questioned him as to what had happened, and with many groans the man began to relate his story.

"Oh, protector of the poor! this night was I journeying from Ranigunge to Chanda. I had sold my paddy crop to Golab Rai, the Bunnia of Ranigunge, who also sells sweet-meats near the gate. As I journeyed, sahib, I met two men, accursed be

The Other Way.

their sons, who asked me to give them my company as far as Chanda for safety's sake. Sahib, I swear by the holy cow that I am a poor man, and in my waist-cloth I carried two hundred and eight rupees which I had this day received from Golab Rai, the Bunnia. Do I not owe it to the money lender at Chanda, whose name is Jagnarain? We had arrived at this spot, sahib, which is but three miles from Muttrapore, when the two men who were with me demanded the money from me, the same money which I had this day received from Golab Rai, the Bunnia of Ranigunge. I swear by Kali, the four-handed, sahib, that I am a poor man, a chamar of Chanda. So I told them that I had no money, but when we reached Chanda I would buy sweet-meats for them. With much bad talk did they revile me, oh sahib, and at once fell to beating me with their staves, saying, "Oh, chamar of an accursed mother and a burnt father, wilt thou now give us the money, or shall we beat thee, oh skinner of dead cows, until the blood runs from thine ears? Again did I swear, sahib, on the cow's tail, that I had no money, but the unbelieving sons of Shitan and a sow put no faith in my words, and again fell to beating me until I fell and knew no more. Sahib, the sons of thieves took away my two hundred and eight rupees, which I owe to Jagnarain, the marwari of Chanda. The Presence will see the four men standing here. These men are Brahmins, sahib, who are journeying from Chanda to Muttrapore. They found me here, and the Presence knows that they are holy men. Ahi! Ahi! Sahib, my pain is great, and no water have I to drink. Can these holy men touch me? Can they give drink from their lotahs to a chamar and a man of low caste? The sahib is my father and my mother and will give me to drink. Ahi! Ahi! Great is my pain, and my legs are broken under me! Sahib, in the name of Ram, give me water, for I am burning with fever and cannot move. Ahi! Ahi!"

Dalrymple, heartily cursing the four Brahmins for their unfeeling conduct, dismounted, and taking his flask of brandy from his saddle bag, knelt by the injured man's side and proceeded to pour some of the liquid down his throat. Paying no attention to the men who were standing near, he lifted the flask to

the man's lips, when like a flash of lightning, one of the four men threw a white cloth round Dalrymple's neck and the other three precipitated themselves upon him. The wretch who had thrown the cloth was a big powerful ruffian, and as Dalrymple struggled desperately but ineffectually with his murderous assailants, the cloth was drawn tighter and tighter until the poor lad, whose grasp upon the greasy throats of the thugs was growing weaker every moment, gave up the struggle and fell to the ground a corpse.

The sacred roomal of the thugs had done its work only too well.

As soon as the man whom poor Dalrymple had thought to be injured saw that the dastardly deed was accomplished, he sprang to his feet and broke out in a wild kind of an anthem to the goddess Luchmee. "Hail, oh Luchmee, goddess of the thugs. All powerful art thou and greatly to be feared. Victory is to thy servants and the hated feringhi is delivered into our hands. Thy shrine this night shall be bright with many lights, and the adorations of thy servants shall be accompanied by sacrifices. Thy protection we ask, oh Luchmee. Hail! goddess of the thugs. Much joy shall be with thy servants this night."

Meanwhile the four thugs had been standing near Dalrymple's body, and when the fakir had brought his anthem to a close, they lifted the body and carried it about fifty yards into the jungle. The fakir then produced the sacred "furruck" or Thug spade, and a very shallow grave was made. After stripping the body of all valuables, they flung it into the grave, and hastened to Muttrapore.

The superintendent of police waited in vain for his assistant until three o'clock the following day, and then becoming extremely anxious for his sub's safety, he requested the colonel in command to send a troop of lancers to Ranigunge, as he surmised that something untoward had happened, and that a display of force would be likely to quell any disturbance which might be going on.

The colonel promptly complied with the major's request, and

within ten minutes a troop of the finest cavalry in India were clattering along at a fast pace toward Ranigunge.

At ten o'clock that night, the major received information from the officer in command of the troop of lancers that Dalrymple's horse had been found at Muttrapore, but the assistant superintendent of police had not been seen by anybody at Ranigunge or Muttrapore; moreover, there was not at present, nor had there been, any fighting or riot at Ranigunge.

With a terrible fear at his heart, the major ordered the constable, Nilkunto Rai, the man who had brought the news from Ranigunge, to be brought before him. In a few moments, Hira Lall, the havildar, shaking with fright, appeared, and in answer to the chief's enquiry for the constable, he stated that Nilkunto Rai had disappeared soon after the havildar had taken his report the night previous.

With an oath, the major bade him begone to his duty, and ordering his horse, he rode over at once to the mess-bungalow with the terrible news. Search parties were immediately organized to search the surrounding district for some trace of Dalrymple, and native spies were at once set upon the track of Nilkunto Rai, but it was not until some three days had elapsed that any trace of Dalrymple or the constable was brought to light. On the evening of the third day after Dalrymple's disappearance, we were sitting on the verandah of the mess-bungalow discussing his fate, when a man, with his hands tightly bound behind his back, was led in by two police spies. The major asked them who their prisoner was, and they assured him that he was Nilkunto Rai, the missing constable. The havildar was at once sent for, and on his arrival, he was asked if he recognised the prisoner as Nilkunto Rai, who had brought the report from the havildar at Ranigunge. He replied that he was not certain, as it was dark when the constable had arrived. The major immediately ordered the prisoner to be taken to the cells, where, no doubt, under threats of torture from the police spies, he soon confessed that one, Ram Kissum, a taylee, or oil-presser of Muttrapore, had given him the police uniform and had sent him to the chief of police at Chanda, with the information of the

fighting at Ranigunge. For this service he had received the sum of ten rupees from Ram Kissum. A strong detachment of police was sent to Muttapore that night to arrest Ram Kissum, and the next morning he was brought in, heavily manacled, and locked up under a strong guard.

On being told by the superintendent that he would be charged with the murder of Dalrymple, Ram Kissum at once confessed, and gloried in his crime, saying that he was under the protection of the great and powerful goddess Luchmee, and was secure from the punishment of the Sirkar. He described the spot where the body had been buried, but he absolutely refused to implicate any others in the crime.

After Dalrymple's body had been exhumed from its jungle grave, and had been given a Christian burial in the little cemetery attached to the garrison church, Ram Kissum was speedily brought to trial. Nilkunto Rai turned Queen's evidence, and as the oil-presser had confessed to murdering Dalrymple, the trial occupied but a very short space of time. He was found guilty, and Colonel Thompson, the commissioner, who had summary powers, promptly sentenced him to be hanged at six o'clock the next morning, his body to be wrapped in the skin of a freshly killed cow before he was hanged.

At this sentence Ram Kissum was observed to shiver slightly, for he was a Hindoo, and to touch the flesh of the sacred cow, or to have any of the blood of the cow on his body, was equivalent to eternal damnation. He soon recovered his sang-froid, however, and in a calm voice he informed the commissioner that the sentence would never be carried out, as the goddess Luchmee was more powerful than the great white queen, and he was a favored servant of Luchmee.

The trial over, the commissioner adjourned to his bungalow, and, as was his custom, after he had dined, he was taking his ease in a long chair on the verandah. He had been reading for some time, when happening to glance up, he saw standing upon the topmost step leading to the verandah, a wild, dishevelled figure, with matted hair hanging nearly down to his feet, and his body clothed with a leopard skin.

The commissioner saw that the figure was that of a fakir, or a religious devotee, and asked him why he was there. The fakir in a hollow, sepulchral voice replied: "Oh Lord, Sahib, thou hast this day sentenced to a disgraceful death a servant of the great goddess Luchmee, whose priest I am. Oh, sahib, I swear to thee that unless the release of Ram Kissum is ordered by the Presence, evil will happen to the commissioner sahib. This I swear by the blue-throated Mahadeo."

Colonel Thompson ordered him to leave the vicinity of the town at once, or he would have him arrested. The fakir quietly salaamed and went down the steps into the darkness.

The jail at Chanda was a heavy, stone structure, surrounded by a deep moat and completely guarded by English soldiers. No ingress or egress was possible after sunset.

About five o'clock in the morning following the day of trial, the warder of the jail, accompanied by two Mahommedan guards carrying the skin of a newly killed cow, proceeded to the cell of Ram Kissum. An officer opened the door of the cell and called to Ram Kissum to come forth. He obeyed, but his body was so muffled up in his blankets that it was impossible to see his face. The cow's skin was fastened round his body and he was led out to execution.

When the party arrived at the scaffold, the hangman pulled the blanket away from the culprit's face in order to adjust the noose, when, to the astonishment of all the officials present, there stood revealed to them, not Ram Kissum, but Nilkunto Rai. The prison was immediately searched, but no trace of Ram Kissum or of the mode by which he escaped was found.

Information was at once sent to the superintendent of police and the magistrate, and together they went to inform the commissioner of what had happened. On their arrival at his bungalow, what a fearful sight met their eyes! The commissioner and his two Mahommedan servants were lying strangled on the verandah. The prophecy of the fakir had come to pass.

No trace of the murderers was ever discovered, despite the exertions of the police of the whole province. Nilkunto Rai was

hanged soon afterwards, other charges of thuggee having been brought home to him. Hira Lall, the havildar, was dismissed from the force, and as he bought himself a fine farm in a good district, it has often been a matter of conjecture among Chanda society, as to whether he was privy to the many murders which had been committed by thugs in the Chanda District.

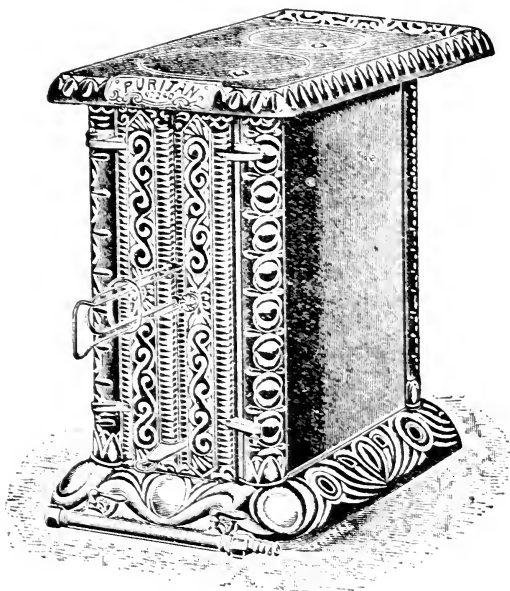


The "Ideal" Waffle Cooker—cooks six at one time

Broilers.



NO feature of a gas range is more appreciated and enjoyed than the facility for perfect broiling. No one will enjoy fried steaks after once trying a gas broiler. The lower oven on all modern ranges is intended for roasting and broiling. In roasting, the ovens should be lighted a few minutes before putting in



the meat and then when roast begins to brown, heat should be reduced in order that the surface of the meat is not too rapidly cooked.

In broiling, heat oven first, then place steak on rack

as near burners as is safe, turning the steak in one minute, broil other side, then again turn and finish first side. The object of this first brown being to close pores of meat in order that all juices may be retained.

Separate broilers of various sizes and styles are also made to suit all needs of residences, restaurants and hotels; one of the most popular of separate broilers being that shown in the accompanying cut.

This is a most excellent appliance; broiling both sides of meat at once, turning out a steak perfectly broiled in in four minutes, at an expense of one cent. What can equal this for a saving of time and money?

What could be more convenient and desirable?

Fish, birds, oysters, faultlessly broiled in less than five minutes after lighting and at one cent's expense for gas!

Is not this worthy of your attention and trial?



A little pulverized soapstone, or cornstarch, put on the hands, will save your gloves from perspiration stains.

In the absence of ice, you can get a "cold bottle" by wrapping about it tightly a wet cloth, and placing it in the open air for a few minutes.

To Soften and Whiten the Hands.— $\frac{1}{3}$ glycerine, $\frac{2}{3}$ best cider vinegar.

To Clean Windows.—Mix alcohol and prepared chalk; then rub off with dry, clean cloth.

To Clean Gas Stove.—Is very easy, by the use of hot soda.

Some "Other Ways."



Few explorers and travelers have given accounts of the various kinds of capital punishment suffered by criminals in semi-barbarous countries.

For horrible and unbridled cruelty in modes of putting criminals to death the chief dishonor should be awarded to the land of the lion and the sun—Persia.

In Bagdad in July, 1888, I was ordered to proceed to Teheran, the capital of Persia, on business connected with the British Embassy at that city. Leaving Bagdad on a Monday, after four days' journey in a boat down the Euphrates to Bussorah, I met Captain White, the British Consul there, and we proceeded on our journey.

Crossing the Shat-el-Arab river, we left the land of the Turk and were on Persian soil. Directly we landed we met our escort, a troop of Kurdish cavalry, and after three days' hard riding we arrived at Shiraz, a small town, where I saw for the first time a Persian execution. At this town Lynch & Co., of London had an agent of the name of Fleming, who bought dates, hides, etc., for the firm and shipped them to England. For attacking this agent with a sword, Yacoob Khan, a Persian date merchant, suffered death. Although Mr. Fleming did not die, the Vice-Consul for England at Bushire, himself a Persian, had demanded that an example should be made of Yacoob Kahn. The culprit had been taken to Teheran, loaded with chains, had there been tried for his offense and was sent back to Shiraz to be executed.

At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we saw some burly Arabs carrying a huge cauldron toward the town square, in the center of which was an iron grating, raised about two feet. On this the cauldron was deposited and the Arabs proceeded to chain it securely to large stakes. A few minutes more and the culprit, bent with the weight of chains, moved into sight between two

monster Nubian eunuchs, who were carrying scimitars at least forty pounds each in weight. Behind the prisoner came about sixty Arab coolies, some of them carrying bundles of brush and wood, others bearing buckets of oil. The procession ended with the Cadi, or Judge of Shiraz, and a few guards and soldiers. On the arrival of the Cadi at the center of the square the two eunuchs delivered the prisoner to the guards, as the eunuchs themselves were simply officers sent from Teheran with the prisoner to see that the death sentence was carried into effect, and were debarred by virtue of their office from assisting in any way at the execution. The guards at once seized the prisoner and, after tying his feet, lifted and put him in the cauldron. His hands were then chained to two rings on the edge of the huge kettle and the coolies began to move forward. Those of them who were carrying oil emptied it into the cauldron, the others piled the wood and brush under and around the big vessel.

The Cadi then took a lighted torch and pushed it into the heap of fuel under the cauldron and the flames began to dance, to the intense enjoyment of the assembled crowd.

Shouts of "Lah! Lah! illah Allah!" rent the air when the flames leapt and singed the victim's beard. Altogether it seemed a gala day for the Persians.

In half an hour the oil became so hot that the yells of the man were agonizing.

Captain White and I approached the Cadi and begged for the release of the prisoner, or that he should be shot immediately and so end his sufferings. The Cadi replied that he had to carry out the orders of the court at Teheran, significantly remarking that if he did not do so we might have the pleasure of seeing him boiled alive also.

Ten minutes later the victim's cries began to grow fainter and fainter, till at last they ceased.

The man was dead.

What became of the body I do not know, as we were too sick at heart to remain. That same afternoon we left Shiraz, and after days of arduous traveling on camels and horses, arrived at Teheran. This city is the seat of the Persian Government

and of the Shah, but a more miserable place it is impossible to imagine.

On our arrival at the British Embassy we were told that an execution was to take place the next morning and were invited to witness it. We promptly declined; but owing to the persistent efforts of the Embassy dragoman to assure us that it would not be anything approaching the Shiraz affair, and that at Teheran cruelty was unknown, we decided to see the manner of humane executions at the capital.

The following morning about 10 o'clock we visited the public execution ground, about three miles out of the city, and were surprised to see that preparations were going on for two executions. The culprits had been guilty of highway robbery with violence.

The public executioner had devised a new form of torture which he hoped would gain him considerable kudos with the judges of the city, and at the same time provide an hour or two of amusement for the populace.

Two circular pits had been dug, about four feet eight inches in depth by about two feet in width, and the culprits, with their arms rigidly bound to their bodies and their legs tied tightly together, were placed upright in the pits. We had noticed a great number of baskets filled with a white substance standing near the pits, and thought that they contained lime for the purpose of filling the graves after the execution.

We were very soon undeceived as to their contents, however, when we saw an assistant executioner pitch the contents of a basket into one pit while another assistant poured in a "mussuck" or goat's skin full of water on top of the plaster, for such it was. These unholy myrmidons filled the two pits in the manner described, while the two culprits, evidently thinking that they were being disgraced in some grotesque manner before the final catastrophe, grinned naively to the great amusement of the executioners. We stood and watched the proceedings for a half hour, not really knowing what form the execution was going to take, when at the end of that time we noticed an uneasy look upon

the faces of the condemned which gave us an inkling of what was about to occur.

The plaster had begun to tighten and set about the feet and legs of the poor wretches!

With diabolical ingenuity the chief executioner had devised a punishment which not only equalled the execution at Shiraz, but surpassed it, so far as demoniacal cruelty was concerned. Such a lingering, agonizing death is impossible to imagine, unless one had seen it suffered. For two hours and a half did those poor wretches bear the horrible torture until death released them.

The plaster had set tighter and tighter, until their eyeballs were protruding out of their sockets and blood was streaming from ears, eyes, nose and mouth. Surely no other more painful death than this was ever devised.

It is a far cry from Persia to Nepaul. Nevertheless we will take a look at an execution in the country of the Goorkas.

I was on a hunting trip in the north of Bengal in April and May, 1892, when Mr. Maxwell, who is the Deputy Commissioner of the Dargeeling district, and I decided to cross the river Mechi, which divides the kingdom of Nepaul from Bengal, the Nepaulese commander of the troops in that district having given us a cordial invitation to join him in a "shikar" or hunt. After two days' shooting, we arrived at a small town called Gunga Hat.

The place was in a great state of excitement over a trial of a man for the crime of assault. After a trial, the quiet and decorous proceedings of which would do honor to a court in any civilized country, the accused was convicted and sentenced to die the death of the "Hati ka pao," or elephant's foot.

There is no Court of Appeals in Nepaul. One hour after the trial the condemned was led out for execution.

A very fine elephant was brought up and the wretched culprit was attached by each leg to each hind leg of the elephant by a length of about twelve feet of chain.

The elephant was then sent at a jog trot for about a quarter of a mile, with the wretch of a victim dragging at his heels. The beast was then stopped and the condemned man, more dead than

alive, and groaning with agony, was released from his chains. Then began the refinement of cruelty.

The culprit was revived with copious draughts of milk and arrack and was brought back on a stretcher to the starting point. After he had revived sufficiently to be able to speak, his victim, of about twelve years of age, was brought forward and identified the assailant.

Then the last act began. A large, flat, circular stone was rolled forward and the condemned man, with his arms and legs tied, was laid at full length on his back on the ground, with his head on the stone.

The elephant then came up with his mahout, or keeper, on his back, and at the word of command placed one of his enormous forefeet on the condemned man's face. One instant, and the mighty brute threw the whole of his weight on to the foot, and all that was left of the wretched victim's head was an unrecognizable pulp.

To conclude, let us visit the island of Borneo and take a look at a trial and execution in the land of the Dyaks and ourang-outangs. In January, 1894, I was at the small settlement of Sitch, in Borneo, and witnessed a Chinaman's trial for murder and his subsequent execution. He had murdered another Chinaman in a peculiarly atrocious manner, having first blinded him with red-hot ashes and then stabbed him to death with a "krisse" or Malay dagger. The evidence against the accused was overwhelming and he was duly convicted by the Malay Judge and sentenced to death; the sentence being "that he should be eaten by the krisse." This was the Malay idiom for being stabbed by the horrible dagger used by all inhabitants of the Malay archipelago.

The day following the trial was the day set for execution, and at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon the condemned man was taken down to the wharf, embarked in a small boat and rowed to the execution ground, about two miles up the river. Wishing to see if this execution was more humane than others I had witnessed, I followed the procession of boats, on horseback, along the river bank.

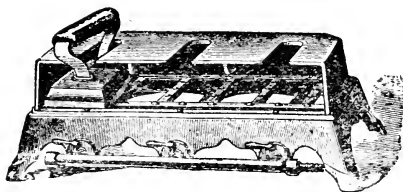
On arrival at the landing place a most curious scene took place. The condemned man was dressed entirely in new silk clothes, even his boots being new and spotless, and, as the river bank was muddy, he refused to walk. At last the boatmen were forced to carry him to the top of the bank.

A few yards from the river bank a strong stake had been driven into the ground, to which, after being made to kneel, the culprit was tied, so that the only part of his body he could move was his head.

The assistant executioner pulled the prisoner's head back by his queue, while the chief executioner placed the point of a long, ugly-looking "krisse" just above the collar-bone on the left side and slowly worked it downward until it passed completely through the victim's heart.

It was a horrible sight, but certainly the most humane form of execution I had hitherto seen in a semi-civilized country.

Although we live in a civilized country, I think it would do no harm if we executed a few criminals after the manner of the Persians. If one or two were so executed their fates would act as a deterrent to others contemplating crimes of an atrocious character. After all, they should be supremely grateful that they live in a land which recognizes the fact that, if criminals have to die, they are entitled to a painless death.



Laundry Gas Stove

An Artistic Innovation.



ALL modern houses are now furnished with gas grates instead of dirty, sooty coal fires; and a reference to the building records will show that today the number of gas grates furnished far exceed that of coal;—a most convincing evidence of the growing popularity and advantage of gas fuel, and this is easily understood when we compare the clean, quick,

ever-ready gas to the sooty slow process of the ordinary coal grate.



Beautiful mantle draperies are quickly ruined by smoke and soot and coal dust, in spite of the watchfulness of the neatest housekeeper, seems to be found everywhere—and as to economy—for instance, a lady has an afternoon caller—parlor chilly—fire ordered—before the fire is fairly well started, caller departs.

Result—a grate full of coal gone to waste. This is

the "old way." How different with gas—a match—and you have a *brilliant* fire; when no longer required, gas is shut off and expense stopped. This is the "*new way*.". Gas grates are made to fit all modern mantle openings, and can be placed and connected at very little expense.

As in all lines of gas stoves these are made in many styles and vary in prices according to construction, design and material. An excellent gas grate can be purchased for from Eight to Ten Dollars—a grate handsome enough for any parlor, and which will, in ten minutes raise the temperature of an ordinary room to a good comfortable heat.

All gas grates have the same principle as to mixture of air and gas as have the gas ranges; the burner being fed in the same way.

In lighting, *do not* apply match simultaneously with turning on the valve; for should there be air in the burner it might fire back into the mixer and blacken the asbestos.

Allow gas to escape a few seconds in order that the air may be expelled from the burner; then sweep the match quickly across the asbestos. You will find this the easiest way to light a gas grate.

Should, however, the grate fire back into the mixer, immediately turn it off and re-light.

Many artistic styles of gas logs are also used, these being placed on andirons in large fire places, and when lighted resemble very much the old-fashioned wooden logs

'Awkins at 'Ome.



EVERYBODY who visits New York and San Francisco goes to see the Bowery and Chinatown, but I make bold to say, without fear of contradiction, that not one out of ten thousand tourists who visit London ever think it worth their while to make a voyage of discovery to the East End, the home of costermonger 'Awkins and his "donah."

And yet the costermonger is one of the sights of London—a quaint, romantic figure, absolutely unique and inimitable, living among his own people, whose customs and manners, I might almost say language, differ entirely from those of the rest of the community. The costermonger, as a rule, is a hardworking, law-abiding citizen. Four o'clock in the morning sees him on his way to one of the great London markets, perhaps Spitalfields or Covent Garden for "vegetables" or to Billingsgate for the toothsome "bloater," or the succulent "haddick," his "moke" trotting along cheerfully, knowing that he will get his breakfast on his arrival at the market, and perhaps a "chew" of his master's "baccy" when the meal is finished—for the "moke," as a rule, shares beer and "baccy" with his master, and is considered by him as being quite "one of the fambly." It is amusing to see a "moke" swallow his "arf pint of 'arf an 'arf." His master pours the beer into a small bucket, and the donkey drinks it with evident gusto, as can be seen by the fetching manner in which he winks his eyes. Having, in coster language "mopped it darn," the "moke" lets out a bray or two, as much as to say, "Gawd blimey, that 'ere beer's a knock out."

Having completed his purchases at the market, the coster makes his way to the part of the town where his "round" is situated. This "round" is a certain number of streets and squares where the coster sells his fish or vegetables, and to him is a very valuable possession; for although he has no legal

right or title to the sole possession of the "round," and any other coster can sell goods there if he is so inclined, yet there is an unwritten law among costers against interfering with another's "rounds," and 'Awkins can and does sell his "round" as an ordinary store-keeper sells the good-will of a business, sometimes asking as much as \$5000 for it if the "round" is a profitable one, situated in a densely populated part of the town.

On his arrival at his "round," the coster begins to cry his wares in a not unmusical voice. "Flowery ware!" "Fine inguns!" "Large cowcumbers and marrers!" sings the "tater" merchant. "Fine Yarmouth bloaters and fresh smoked had-dicks!" "Kippers, a penny a pair!" "Buy a pair of live soles!" sings the "whelk broker," this last line of his song sounding to uninitiated ears very much like "buy a paralysed soul." Vegetables and fish are the principal wares of the London costermonger, though in summer time he derives considerable profit from the sale of cheap fruit.

As soon as he has sold his stock, 'Awkins jumps into his "barrer," and, with many a strange oath, admonishes his "moke" to make a fast pace for home. On reaching home, the "moke" is attended to first, the coster realizing that the success of his business is absolutely dependent on his "moke's" good health. When the donkey has been made comfortable for the night, his master retires into his "diggins" to "clean hisself up." And what a transformation there is in his appearance after he has "cleaned up." In his ordinary suit of workaday corduroy, the coster is anything but picturesque, but in his "Sunday best" he is as quaint a figure as the peasant of the Roman Campagna. Behold 'Awkins "cleaned up" and dressed in his gala suit. His pants fit quite tightly as far as the knee, but from the knee downward bulge out in the shape of a bell, and are striped on each side by long strips of velvet. On each side of the velvet stripes again are long rows of pearl buttons, and round the edge of the huge bell-shaped bottoms of the pants are sewn innumerable half-moon shaped pieces of mother-of-pearl. His coat is a wonder, a masterpiece of velvet and pearl buttons, the flaps of the pockets being of lighter colored

velvet than the rest of the coat, half-moon shaped and literally covered with pearl buttons. His costume is completed by a "Bill Sykes" cap, a creation of the "Worth" of the East End.

With a jaunty step 'Awkins moves along the street, perhaps stopping to take "a 'arf pint 'o thick" (porter) at a public house on the way, or perhaps stopping to buy a pint of periwinkles for his "donah," whom he is on his way to visit. On his clean shaven face there is a look of sublime self-satisfaction, for he without doubt considers himself one of the best and most fashionably dressed lads in London town.

Sunday is the coster's day of days. Early in the morning the "moke an barrer" are made ready for a jaunt to some place of resort in the suburbs. 'Awkins and his "donah," she in a costume fearfully and wonderfully conceived and fashioned, he habited in the East End's latest creation, take their seats in the "barrer" and drive off to Epping Forest, Tottenham, or perhaps to 'Ampstead 'Eath, and wherever the place may be, the coster and his maid plentifully bestrew the ground with fish bones, winkle, whelk, mussel, or cockle shells, ginger beer bottles, and scraps of bread and paper. Whenever the coster goes for a holiday he leaves a trail of this sort behind him. During the ride home, every public house is visited, and it is not an uncommon sight on Sunday evening in the East End of London to see 'Awkins and his "donah" in a state of semi-intoxication, and the "moke" more intoxicated than either of them. The "moke" is as a rule, inordinately fond of beer, and when the coster is out on a holiday jaunt he treats the "moke" to all the "swipes" he can swallow.

As soon as 'Awkins begins to get at all noisy, a stalwart, blue-coated custodian of the public peace invites him to visit the nearest police-station. As Sunday is the coster's day of days, so Monday is his day of reckoning. After having been lodged on Sunday night at the expense of her majesty he is brought up on Monday morning to offer his excuses to the sitting "beak." Many and wonderful are the excuses that he can offer. Oftentimes he has been "striked wiv a wikness in the 'ead," or has been "out in the sun," and on one occasion I heard a coster tell

the "beak" that he had been "ipnitized" by his "moke," for the "bloomin hanimal" had turned end for end in the shafts of the "barrer" and had trotted all the way home "tail fust."

On another occasion I saw a coster being tried by Montague Williams, the Magistrate at the Thames police court. The charge against the coster was that he had stolen a pair of pants which were exposed for sale outside a clothier's store. The magistrate enquired whether the prisoner had anything to say or any excuse to offer before he sentenced him for the offense he had committed. The following was the coster's answer:—

"Strike me bloomin' pink, guvnor, I'll tell yer the 'ole troof, s' elp me Gawd I will. As I was a comin' home in the barrer, I sees my pal Bill. W'ot cher, says 'e, 'ullo says I. Wot d'yer say to a pot o' black an' tan, says 'e, Awl right, says I, an' in we goes. An' as we was a moppin' darn the swipes, I 'ears a bloomin' row outside, so I picks up my little stick wot I keeps for keepin' of the dawgs from a-worrying of the wegetables, an' out I goes. Jus' then, up comes one of them 'ere bloomin' om libusses—you knows 'em, yer wasshup,—an' 'ead over 'eels goes the moke an' barrer, an' 'ead over 'eels goes me. An' as a drownin' man ketches at a strawer, I ketched at them 'ere kicksies. Jus' then, up comes one of them bloomin' bluebottles,—you knows 'em yer wasshup,—Ah! says 'e, I aint a-doing nuffin' says I. ' Ennyow, ses 'e, you comes alog o' me! An' in corse I comed ,an' 'ere I is. But if I aint as hinnercent as a hunborned kid, I 'opes as 'ow yer bloomin' wasshup 'll never see 'evin, Gawd blimey, I does."

The magistrate awarded him six months' hard labor as a tribute to his ingenuity and eloquence. The prisoner retorted that he could "do that 'ere lot on 'is 'ead."

Sometimes 'Awkins takes a holiday during the week and of course takes 'Liza with him. He, like most Englishman, takes his pleasure sadly. The two most prominent places of amusement for him and his "donah" are the cemeteries and the criminal and divorce court, especially the latter. Having settled with his "dutch" that they will go to 'ear the 'ole bear di-worce the appy cupples," they wend their way to the great palace of

justice in the Strand. At last they are within the doors, and are confronted with the wonderful labyrinths of corridors into which innumerable staircases lead, and they feel that they have entered into a terra incognita indeed. The "handwriting upon the wall" does not convey much to 'Awkins. He can read that this is "Chancery Court, No. 3 and that, "Queen's Bench Court, No. 4, but the hurrying, bustling, throng of bewigged barristers, solicitors, witnesses, jurors and clerks, makes it no very easy matter to procure admission into many of these tribunals. Especially is this so of the divorce court, for the sturdy janitor who guards the doors, sternly refuses admission to all and sundry unless they are capable of such a transparent subterfuge as to declare that they are "in the case." 'Awkins eventually finds his way to the corridor leading to the Divorce Court and en passant he stops to listen to an indignant wife who is relating with all the volubility of despair the tale of her conjugal wrongs to a crowd of her sympathising friends.

At last he reaches the door of the court and he turns round to 'Liza and tells her "that he is going to chawnc 'is arm and get in. Gawd blimey, he is." He approaches the janitor and without a moments hesitation he informs him that he, 'Awkins, is "in the case," and so is his "dutch." The janitor allows them to pass into the court, where they sit until the court rises and do not scruple to show their interest in the grewsome narratives which are there unfolded.

There is an old story told of one of the Judges, Sir Cresswell Cresswell, that in one case he was trying, all women were ordered out of court. In spite of the edict, some few "blimey gals" stuck to their seats. "All respectable women," thundered the Judge, "will leave the court." "The blimey gals," however, still remained. "Since all respectable women have left the court," said the Judge, "the case can proceed."

Then up rose one of the coster girls and asked the Judge if he thought that "they were all bloomin' sardines an' had bin tinned up all their lives? She'd 'ave 'im to know that she was a respecable woman, wiv eleven kids, an' if that didn't make 'er respecable, wot did?" "Wot right ad an' 'ole 'orse-'air-

'eaded rip like 'im to talk about their characters? Wait till he was the father of eleven kids an' then he cud talk about respectability." After a tirade lasting until the marshal of the court could make his way to where she was sitting, she concluded by saying that "'e looked like wot 'e was—one of Sating's himps wiv a wig on, cos 'e couldn't be no man, as Gawd said that no man was to part marrid cupples, and no man would hinsult respectable, 'elpless wimmin. A Sating's himp an' a hold un at that."

The Judge was dumbfounded for a minute or so, but quickly recovered his self-possession. He then told her that, according to her philosophy, he was eminently disreputable, as he had the misfortune to be childless. It is needless to say that the woman was severely punished for her gross contempt of court.

Under any and all circumstances of poverty and prosperity, health and sickness, happiness and trouble, the coster is a very interesting study. Even their weddings and funerals are characterised by a quaintness peculiar to themselves. I remember seeing a coster wedding at St. Paul's Church, Whitechapel. The coster and his "dutch" had listened decorously to the vicar as he read the marriage service to them. At length the clergyman arrived at that portion of the service where he is required to ask the bridegroom, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife;" the vicar having asked the question, he and the small congregation who were witnessing the ceremony were fairly electrified by the coster's answer: "Gawd blimey, guvnor, if it's all the same to you, I'd sooner 'ave 'er sister!" The parson duly married the couple, but history telleth not of the fate of the coster at the hands of his bride.

Let us change from the spectacle of a coster's marriage to the solemn scene of a coster woman's death in a hospital. About twenty-five years ago I was junior house surgeon at the London hospital in the Whitechapel Road. One morning a coster woman was brought into the accident ward, she having been run over by a brewer's dray. Her injuries were severe, and both of her legs were amputated. After the operation, she began to sink rapidly, and as I saw she was dying I ordered the

screen to be placed round her bed in the open ward, and, at her request, sent for her husband. On his arrival, I took him behind the screen to see his wife. It was necessary for me to remain near to administer stimulants, etc., and while I was there I could not help overhearing the following conversation:

Bill—Gawd blimey, Marfa, me 'cart's broke, strike me 'and—some it is, Marfa.

Martha—Yuss, Bill, I knowed it wud be, but I wants yer to do sutthing for me, Bill.

Bill—Ennyfing in the wuld, Marfa, yer knows I'd do fer yer; now don't yer?

Martha—Yuss, Bill, I finks so. But I wants yer to promise me one fmg, Bill.

Bill—Wot's that, Marfa?

Martha—I wants yer to promise me yer won't git marrid ag'in, cos o' the kids, Bill.

Bill—I promise yer I won't, Marfa, s'elp me Gawd, I won't. I don't want no noo wife, I don't!

Martha—Well, Bill, I o'ny wish I cud bleeve yer, but yer allers was sich a bloody liar!

And so she died, with the faithful 'Awkins, liar though he might be, holding fast her hands as she passed through the shadows of the dark valley. I believe 'Awkins did eventually marry again, but that, as a "rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair" would say, is another story.



Table of Comparison between Cost of Cooking by Coal and Gas.



We submit the following Table of Comparison, showing the result of a careful test made by us, between articles cooked on a Range and on a Gas Stove.

RECORD OF COAL RANGE.

ARTICLE	HOW COOKED	WEIGHT		Loss Per Cent	TIME
		BEFORE COOKING	AFTER COOKING		
Blue Fish.....	Baked...	3 lbs	2 lbs. 1 oz..	32	31 min
Rib of Beef...	Roasted..	9 lbs. 8 oz..	6 lbs. 8 oz..	32	1 h 37 m
Chicken.....	Roasted..	3 lbs	2 lbs. 2 oz..	30	1 hr 6 m
Beef Steak.....	Broiled	1 lb. 2 oz...	13½ oz..	25	11 min
Lamb Chops..	Broiled..	1 lb. 1 oz ..	11 oz..	32	12 min
Sweet Potatoes	Steamed..	3 lbs. 5 oz..
White Potatoes	Steamed..	3 lbs. 8 oz
Cauliflower....	Boiled... 3	lbs. 12 oz
Tomatoes.....	Stewed.. 4	lbs
Bread	Baked...	5 lbs. 2 oz..	46 min
Sago Pudding..	Baked...	3 lbs. 5 oz	27 min
Lemon Pie.....	Baked...	2 lbs. 12 oz..	30 min

Sauces for Fish, Beef and Cauliflower.

Total time from lighting of fire until everything was ready to serve, 2 hours and 40 minutes. Of this time 30 minutes were required to heat the oven, leaving 2 hours and ten minutes actual cooking time. Weight of coal including lighting of fire 44 lbs. At the end of the time the fire was ready for more coal. Cost of coal, 44 lbs., at \$6.00 per ton, 11.80 cents. Kindling, 1 cent. Total, 12.80 cents.

RECORD OF GAS RANGE.

ARTICLE	HOW COOKED	WEIGHT		Loss Per Cent	TIME
		BEFORE COOKING	AFTER COOKING		
Blue Fish.....	Baked...	3 lbs.....	2 lbs. 6 oz..	20	35 min
Bib of Beef.....	Roasted	9 lbs. 4 oz..	7 lbs. 11 oz.	17	1 h 25 m
Chicken.....	Roasted	3 lbs. 1 oz.	2 lbs. 10 oz.	14	1 hr
Beef Steak.....	Broiled..	1 lb. 2 oz...	15 oz.	16 $\frac{2}{3}$	8 min
Lamb Chops...	Broiled..	1 lb.....	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	15	10 min
Sweet Potatoes	Steamed..	3 lbs. 5 oz..
White Potatoes	Steamed..	3 lbs. 8 oz.
Cauliflower....	Stewed...	4 lbs.....
Tomatoes.....	Boiled...	3 lbs. 12 oz.
Bread.....	Baked....	5 lbs. 7 oz..	37 min
Sago Pudding..	Baked....	3 lbs. 3 oz..	28 min
Lemon Pie.....	Baked....	2 lbs. 14 oz.	22 min

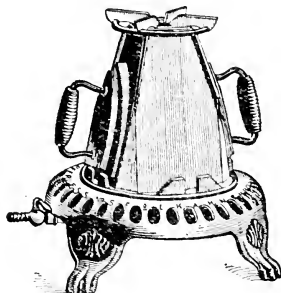
Sauces for Fish, Beef and Cauliflower.

Total time from lighting of gas until everything was ready to serve, 1 hour and 50 minutes. Consumption of gas by test meter, 38 feet. At \$1.50 per thousand feet, cost 5.70 cents.

Cost of Coal.....12.80 cents.

Cost of Gas..... 5.70 cents.

Saving over Coal..... 7.10 cents—55 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.



Sad Iron Heater

Don't forget that a gas iron heater will heat 4 irons for 2 cents per hour

Table of Comparison of Per Centages in Loss After Cooking.

GAS STOVE		FISH	RANGE	
Cost.....		35c	Cost.....	35c
Product.....		<u>28½c</u>	Product.....	<u>24¾c</u>
Loss.....		6½c	Loss.....	<u>10¼c</u>

Saving of gas stove over range, 3¾ cents.

		BEEF		
Cost.....		1.66½c	Cost.....	1.697½c
Product.....		<u>1.38¾c</u>	Product.....	<u>1.17c</u>
Loss.....		28½c	Loss.....	<u>527½c</u>

Saving of gas stove over range, 24¾ cents.

		CHICKEN		
Cost.....		61¼c	Cost.....	60c
Product.....		<u>52½c</u>	Product.....	<u>60c</u>
Loss.....		8¾c	Loss.....	<u>17½c</u>

Saving of gas stove over range, 8¾ cents.

		STEAK		
Cost.....		24¾c	Cost.....	24¾c
Product.....		<u>20⅝c</u>	Product.....	<u>18⅞c</u>
Loss.....		4⅛c	Loss.....	<u>6⅜c</u>

Saving of gas stove over range, 2⅞ cents.

		CHOPS		
Cost....		20c	Cost.....	21¼c
Product.....		<u>167⅘c</u>	Product.....	<u>13¾c</u>
Loss.....		3⅛c	Loss.....	<u>7½c</u>

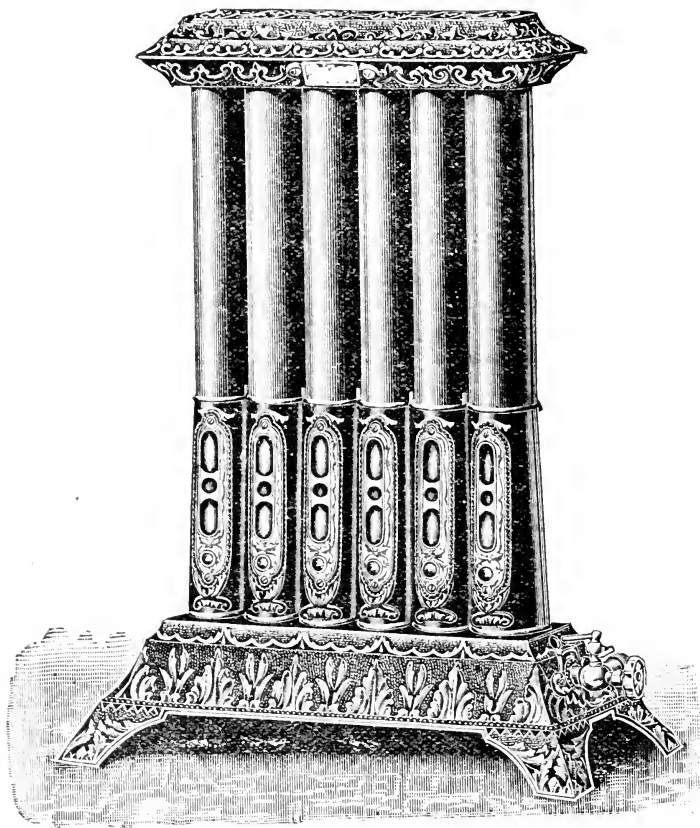
Saving of gas stove over range, 4⅜ cents.

The total saving in the cost of food cooked over Coal Range, 43⅞c.

Saving in cost of gas over coal :

(Cost of coal over gas, 46 per cent.) 3⅞c.

Total saving..... 47⅞c.



A Perfect Radiator for Office or Hall.

The Passing of a Landmark.



LONDON'S most famous criminal court, the Old Bailey, is doomed and the great Central Criminal Court of the city and county of London will in future be held at the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand.

The building itself is wretchedly plain and monstrously ugly and so far as the appointments of the interior are concerned it is safe to say that there is not a Justices' Court in the whole of the United States that could not compare more than favorably with this, the chief criminal court of the greatest city in the world. Badly ventilated, badly lighted and unutterably miserable in every way, one can imagine what a terrible damper must be put on the prisoner in the dock by his wretched surroundings and almost forgive the rather frequent attacks of choler and spleen with which the Judges are afflicted.

Let us take a peep at the court on the day of a great trial. Having procured the necessary passes from the Sheriff, or anointed the itching palm of the "bobby" on duty at the door with some golden oil, you pass through the doors of the court and find yourself standing on the edge of what appears to be a deep well, the sides of which are terraced with seats. At the bottom of the well is a long table for members of the bar, a smaller table in front of the long one for Queen's counsel, or barristers who have taken "silk," and in front of and dominating the bar and the dock is the bench, on which a kind of a throne is built, its only ornament being a huge sword of justice, which is suspended just over the Judge's head. At the back of the bar and facing the Judge is the prisoners' dock, which is connected by an underground passage with the ancient prison of Newgate, where prisoners awaiting trial are detained.

At about half-past 9 in the morning the court begins to fill, and despite the vigilance of police and ushers a motley crowd finds its way into the seats of this dreadful theater, where the

curtain has been rung down at the end of hundreds of horrible tragedies. The public in this court is unlike any other public. Workmen out of work, loose women, hunters of taverns and hells, thieves at the commencement or close of their career, convicts just released from prison, the lazy, the good-for-nothing and the good-for-nothing-else squeeze their way to the foot of the staircase which leads to the best seats. No sooner is the staircase wicket opened than they rush down. They press each other, they elbow, they jostle, they stand on tip-toes and look from a distance like a black living mass, which sends forth rude exclamations, stifled cries, coarse jokes and a brutal hubhub of offended decency, angry oaths and strange slang. The swindler and the assassin have come here to learn how a witness may be thrown out, how a question may be evaded, how an alibi may be invented, how a fact may be distorted and how the criminal code may be interpreted. Another man comes in there from mere curiosity, and goes out with the temptation of crime in his heart, a fruitful though tainted seed. The mania of imitation drives more people into crime than all the machinery of the law and the terrors of punishment can deter from it. The Central Criminal Court is a detestable school of immorality.

By 10 o'clock the barristers in wigs and gowns have filed into their places at the bar, their clerks carrying brief bags and legal volumes, which they deposit on the table. The clerk of arraigns takes his seat immediately beneath the Judge's bench, and the ushers, in stentorian tones, call for "order in the court." Having quieted the din, the ushers proceed to open wide the door through which the Judge passes to take his seat on the bench, and the head usher orders everybody in court to stand up as the Judge enters the court, at the same time calling out the Judge's title and dignity in the following manner: "Sir Forrest Fulton, Knight, one of her Majesty's counsel, Common Sergeant of the City of London, and Judge of this present Court of Assize!" As soon as the Judge is seated, following an ancient custom, a small bowl of flowers is placed before him. This custom is a relic of the period when Newgate and the Old Bailey were without any sanitary system, and the whole district

was constantly afflicted with the deraded jail fever—typhus. The rosemary and thyme, which were then placed on the Judge's desk, were supposed to have the power of keeping the disease away from him.

The clerk of arraigns now rises and call the first case, and like a jack-in-the-box, the accused springs up literally out of the ground, for he comes up through a trap-door in the floor of the dock.

The clerk then pleads the indictment, and asks the prisoner—guilty or not guilty. The accused having pleaded, the first witness is called and sworn, the oath being administered in the following phraseology: "In this case between our sovereign lady the Queen and the prisoner at the bar, I swear to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me, God!" And then the trial commences.

Women of the world are not cruel, but they are the most curious creatures in the universe; they live on emotions; they die of emotions every five minutes; they have lovers for their verses and verses for their lovers; they must, forsooth, suffer to enjoy and enjoy to suffer. Your woman of the world dreads nothing so much as regular hours, a sleepy existence and the genial indolence of the boudoir and the easy chair. She is forever on the wing from noon to night; at the theater, at the Senate, at church, in the park, at balls—she is always in search of whatever may excite, or amuse, or shake, or convulse, or upset her wretched body or her still more wretched soul. Everything she touches multiplies her existence. She rushes, with all her passion and all her spirit, into every sensation that chances to cross her. Obstacles are nothing to her. She has made up her mind to see a thing and she will see it. She will write a dozen three-cornered notes on pink, perfumed paper to the Sheriff to obtain the favor of an admission and a seat—a chair—nay, a stool—at the trial.

At daylight she leaves her soft and warm bed to wait at the door of the court. There she stands, with a keen northeaster in her teeth and her feet in the mud. She shivers all over. The

door opens; she darts on; she presses forward, she crowds, she pushes, and at last she gets in through the ushers and the police and the black gowns of the bar. She hangs on to the skirts of a policeman's coat, talks to him softly in his ear, and does not let him go till she is placed and squatted at her ease, with her eyeglass at her eye, close to the prisoner and near the Judge.

If a woman in court faints she rushes up, cuts the lace and offers her smelling-salts—another sort of emotion. But unless the solid pillars of the court give way she will not give up her seat. Her eyes are riveted to the eyes of the prisoner; she clings to his lips; she feasts upon the ineffable terrors of a human soul. The hours fly, night is coming on, the jury has retired—still she waits—she waits to hear the fatal sentence and the wretched convict's sigh; she catches the last flutter of that tattered conscience; she listens for his slightest exclamation—for his stifled groan; she follows him with one long look when he is removed from the dock till the prison doors turn upon their hinges, and then she falls back on her chair, absorbed, overpowered by what she has seen. The usher is obliged to tell her that the court is cleared and to show her the way out. She drags herself along the passages of the building; she gets home—worn out, tired to death.

The public prosecutor has accomplished his task, the Judge has done his duty and passed sentence, and the court is cleared. Not quite. Do you see that man dressed in black, resting his head on his hands? He is the prison chaplain, who has attended the trial that the culprit might see that he had one friend on whom he could lean for strength and consolation. Verily, this minister is a father to his flock. In his pious attendance at the scaffold, where he will accompany the criminal who will in a few days suffer the pain of death, what resignation, what courage, what strength of mind are required, to comfort, with looks and words of hope and peace, that miserable being who has almost irretrievably lost all hope of pardon from his offended Maker. Is there one among us, even moved by the most Christian feelings, and endowed at the same time with the power of resisting the strongest agitation, who could bear—nay, who would under-

take by choice, that terrible duty which the pastor accomplishes with such majesty, even when his nature, betraying the torture of his mind, drops of cold sweat appear on his forehead? I think not.



Wrinkles.



POLISHING PASTE FOR TINS, BRASSES, AND COPPER.

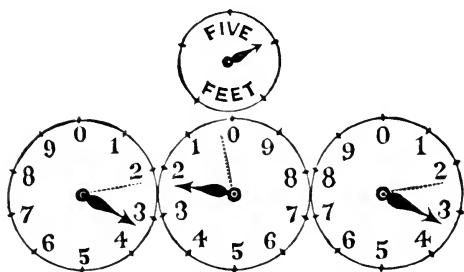
This is composed of rotten stone, soft soap, and oil of turpentine; the stone must be powdered and sifted through a muslin or hair sieve; mix with it as much soft soap as will bring it to the stiffness of putty; to half a pound of this add two ounces of oil of turpentine: it may be made into balls; it will soon become hard, and will keep any length of time. Method of using: The articles to be polished should be perfectly free from grease and dirt; moisten a little of the paste with water, smear it over the metal, rub briskly with a dry rag or leather, and it will soon bear a beautiful polish.

A good stove polish may be made with black lead mixed with the white of an egg; put on with a brush, and polish with a dry, hard brush.

TO MEND BROKEN CROCKERY.

We have used lime and the white of an egg for mending earthen-ware, and find it most satisfactory. It is a strong cement easily applied, and generally at hand. Mix only enough to mend one article at a time, as it soon hardens, when it cannot be used. Powder a small quantity of the lime and mix to a paste with the white. Apply quickly to the edges, and place firmly together. It will soon become set and strong, seldom breaking in the same place again.

How to Read the Statement of Your Gas Meter.



EACH division on the right hand circle denotes 100 feet, and on the center circle 1,000 feet, and on the left hand circle 10,000 feet. To take a statement from the meter, *begin at the left and write down the lowest figure next to the hand on each circle, which in the diagram are 3, 2 and 3, showing the statement to be 32,300.* If at a former observation the hands were at the *dotted lines*, the statement *then* was 20,200; the difference between the two statements is the amount of gas consumed; viz.: 12,100 cubic feet.

The small circle at the top shows more perceptibly than the others the passing of a small quantity of gas, and is useful in ascertaining leakage in the house-pipes or fixtures.

All gas stoves should be connected with pipe not less than one-half inch (inside measurement) for short connections; where the line is long, three-fourths inch

pipe should be used in order to insure a good supply to stove.

In many of the older houses the pipes are very small and in some cases it is found difficult to get sufficient supply for lighting without frequent cleaning out. In such houses separate supply pipe should be run for cooking or heating gas.

This pipe, to which a separate meter could be attached, should be run from the front of the house direct to the gas range in the kitchen with branches to other heating appliances, grates, etc., used.

This permits the company to make two separate bills—one for lighting, and one for gas used for cooking and heating purposes.

A lower rate is charged where the consumer owns stoves and heaters and has a separate pipe and meter for their supply. Many consumers do not understand why they are not entitled to a reduced rate where meters are attached to ranges or heaters in rooms. These are intermediate meters—are simply for the accommodation of the stove user. No bills are made by company from meters other than those *outside* of the house, which meters must be accessible at all times to the statement taken, from whose report the bills are made.

Intermediate meters are useful in determining consumption of gas as between landlord and tenant, there being many houses rented in apartments for light house-keeping. In these cases, the gas bill being made by the company to one party, (the house holder) for all gas passing into the building. Meters are attached to the

gas stoves in order that he may collect from the tenant for such gas as may be used.

Intermediate meters should be connected to stoves or heaters with *iron pipe*. Never use flexible rubber tubing for this purpose, as it is unsafe. Tubing is only intended to be used where connection is made from gas jet and where portable stoves, iron heaters, etc., of small consumption, are required. Do not connect gas ranges or large hot plates with tubing and expect good results. The tubing will not supply gas enough for large stoves, ranges, etc. It is far more satisfactory to connect all stationary appliances with one-half inch iron pipe. You are then sure of ample supply when you need it and by shutting off the gas at the stop cock, which should be provided in all cases, the stove can be conveniently removed when desired.



Wrinkles.

To make an excellent furniture polish: Take turpentine, linseed oil, and vinegar, in equal proportions; apply and rub with flannel.

A little soap put on the hinges or latch of a door will stop creaking.

Salt will curdle milk; hence in preparing gravies, porridge, etc., the salt should not be added till the dish is prepared.

If your flat-irons are rough or soiled, lay some salt on a flat surface, and rub the face of the iron well over it.

Rub your griddle with fine salt before you grease it, and your cakes will not stick.

Hanuman's Servants.



THE lives we need to have written for us are of the people whom the world has never thought of, far less heard of," says Ruskin, and if he is right, there could not be a more fitting story to tell than this of a race of men adorned—or rather disfigured—with tails. For certainly very few have ever heard or thought of them.

In the northeast of Assam, in India, there are a race of people who term themselves Ahoms. The word "Ahom" is derived from the Sanskrit and means unequalled. These Ahoms declare that they are descended from the god Indra, to whom all other gods are subordinate, and they say that they, and they alone, can lead one to the country of the men with tails. Be this as it may, it was not until after the annexation of Upper Burmah, on the 1st of January, 1896, that living specimens of the tailed tribe were seen by white men. Colonel Philip Stevens, an officer of the British force, sent to aid the Rajah of Assam against the Mogul Emperor in 1770, writes that "here in this ungodly country do the men and women possess tails like unto the tail of an ape;" but it is difficult to believe that in those times the natives had confidence enough in the white men to allow him to see the beings, who, according to the native idea, are the real servants of the ape god, Hanuman.

In April, 1896, the Fourth Ghoorkas were sent from Mandalay in Burmah to Shillong in Assam, and as they marched through the country of the Ahoms some slight difficulty arose between the British officers of the regiment and the priests of the Ahoms. It was very wet weather at the time and the officers wished to quarter some of the troops in a large barnlike structure on the outskirts of a village. The priests strenuously objected to having the Ghoorkas quartered there at all, but as a storm was raging at the time the priests were ordered to open the barn and allow the soldiers to take shelter. They refused to obey the order, and the officers immediately ordered the soldiers to force an entrance.

The door having been opened, two officers entered the place to see what grain, etc., was stored there and to take an inventory, so that if any was stolen or damaged by the troops, due compensation could be made to the owners. But to their surprise, the barn was fitted up inside as a temple, and contained no rice or grain of any kind. At one end of the place was erected a large platform, on which stood an immense idol of the monkey god Hanuman. Smaller idols of the same god were ranged round the barn, together with horns, cymbals, tom-toms and all the necessary accessories of the priests who conducted the religious services of the temple.

On the platform, near the great idol, sat a man and woman and two children. To all appearances, they were only ordinary natives, but they were absolutely unclothed. Not a waistcloth or covering of any kind hid their nakedness, and frightened, as they evidently were at the appearance of white men, they did not move from their position near the idol. Their faces were horribly painted with ochre, and they kept up a monotonous kind of chant, which sounded weird and uncanny to their European visitors. The officers spoke to them and asked them to come into the light, so that they might be seen. They still remained near the idol, however, and returned no answer to the questions of the officers. At length, the high priest of the place arrived, and he was appealed to for the removal of the four persons on the platform.

At first he declined to have them removed, as he said they were very holy people, servants and favorites of the great god Hanuman; but after considerable argument he at length decided to obey the orders of the white officers. He advanced toward the platform, making deep salaams and reverences as he went along. When he was about three paces from the edge of the platform he suddenly stopped, and prostrating himself on the ground, in a mournful tone he implored the man and woman to accompany him to his house for the night, as the holy temple of Hanuman had been desecrated by low-caste Ghoorkas and unbelieving Feringhis, and it would not be safe for the servants

of the god to remain in the temple, while it was occupied by the troops.

Still keeping up their weird chant, the man and woman rose to their feet and descended from the platform. They then lifted the two children to the ground, and together with the high priest, made their way to the door. As they passed out into the light, the officers were thunderstruck to see that each and all of the four, man, woman and two children, possessed tails. The man and woman seemed to have perfect control of their tails, wagging them slowly from side to side, keeping time to the tune, if it could be called a tune, of their uncanny hymn. The children, on the contrary, seemed to possess no control over their caudal appendages, and with the exception of some slight involuntary, spasmodic wags, their tails hung loosely down. All the tails were covered with hair, and terminated in a small bulbous formation. The man and woman were dwarfish, not exceeding four feet six inches in height, and their toes were prehensile and unduly developed. This peculiarity was not so marked in the children, although it was noticed that they walked with a peculiar ape like tread and stoop. The little ones were rather pretty, and gazed around with a look of wonderment at the officers and soldiers who were congregated around the door.

When they were out in the open it was seen that the man was a leper, part of one hand already having disappeared, and the other hand and arm being badly affected. The woman with him was not uncomely, except for the simiam-like manner in which she carried herself. She was scrupulously clean, and had her face not been daubed with ochre and powdered sandalwood, she would have had quite a pleasing appearance.

The Ghoorkas are a very superstitious people, and as the tailed ones passed out of the barn, many remarks were passed by the soldiers, some of them going so far as to propose the instant killing of parents and babes, so that bad luck would not come upon the troops. It was amusing to see the little wiry Nepaulesesoldiers searching knapsack and pockets for a "jadoo" or charm of some kind to ward off any evil influence which

might result from being in such close contact with the "bunder ka bhoot" or monkey spirits

The four tailed ones had been duly installed in the high priest's hut, and the troops had taken up their quarters in the barn, when the high priest appeared before the officers begging for "dwei" or medicine for the leper. One of the senior officers invited the priest into the barn and asked him for some information about the people with tails—where they came from, who they were, what caste they were, etc. The priest then told the following story:

"Sahibs, for the last twelve months a demon has been among us. It is the demon 'Oop,' sahibs, and he has a snake's body and a man's head. Tusks also has he like an elephant, and a great red flaming tongue about five feet long. Every night he prowls around the village, and two or three nights a week he takes one of our wives or children as they go to the well to draw water. He is here now, sahibs, and we send our women folk to draw water in the daytime, for it is dangerous to go to the well when the sun is dead. Many poojahs did we perform, O sahibs, but Hanuman has been angry and has turned his face from us. After much prayer, our priests went to the country of Hanuman's servants, who all have tails, as the sahibs have seen, and there they found the holy man and woman and their two offspring. They are the true servants of Hanuman, and our priests brought them hither, that they might by their ministrations propitiate our god, who is angry. The country of these people is far north from here, and all the inhabitants have tails, even as the people whom the sahibs have seen. But the demon 'Oop' has not departed from among us, and last night the daughter of Dukhee, the herdsman, was taken away from the jungle where the demon devoured her. The 'bhoot' (demon) lives in a big tree, in the jungle, and Kandoora, the daughter of Dukhee, spat under the tree as she walked through the jungle. Therefore, the demon has destroyed her. The rain has now stopped. Will the sahibs order that the low-caste Ghoorkas leave the temple so that we may perform our evening poojahs?"

Of course, the troops were ordered to vacate the place for the

time being, and five or six fakirs, accompanied by the man and woman and their two children, filed into the temple, chanting as usual their monotonous, weird hymn to Hanuman. With incessant clashing of cymbals and blowing of horns, the priests performed the "poojah" or religious ceremony, and having finished, departed silently. But not so the tailed ones; they squatted down against the big idol and absolutely refused to move. At last the curiosity of the Ghoorkas overcame their superstition and they filed into the temple, gaping with awe at the spectacle on the platform in front of them. And a strange sight it was.

Sitting in the lurid light of some half-dozen torches, the man and woman were looking anxiously in the direction of the soldiers. Their painted faces gave them a demoniacal appearance, and the constant thumping of their tails on the platform struck fear into the hearts of the bravest soldiers in the world. Every now and again the man would prostrate himself before the idol, at which time the woman would raise her voice to a higher and more weird cadence than usual. The children were as all children are—child-like; one moment laughing together, and the next quarreling over a flower or a cowrie or something of the kind.

The soldiers were almost terrified at the sight, and it was with difficulty that the officers could induce them to stop in the temple at all. One of the soldiers, more venturesome than the rest, gave the children some fruit, which they devoured with gusto, and then another Ghoorka gave them some "chupatties" or pancakes. The father and mother then held out their hands for some food, and the officers gave them fruit and rice pudding from their own table. The father would not eat the food, but the mother devoured it as quickly as possible. While the poor creatures were eating, two of the priests made their way into the temple, and on seeing the woman and children eating food which had been given to them by low-caste Ghoorkas and Feringhis, they set up such a howl that all the village was quickly gathered round the temple door to see what the matter was.

"Listen, my brothers, listen!" said one of the priests. "It was not enough that the low-caste Ghoorkas should invade the sanctity of the god's temple, but they have taken away the caste

of Hanuman's servants. Cursed be she who accepted their food. Cursed be her offspring. May they be eaten by demons. Ho, thou she-wolf, come away from the sacred place and bring thy cubs with thee!"

The wretched leprous man also cursed his wife and children and told them to be gone, and so great did the uproar become that the officers ordered the men to form up and clear the place of the fanatical devotees of Hanuman. The woman was struck by the priests several times, but gathering her children to her, she tried to pass out of the temple unobserved. One of the officers, however, saw her, and fearing for her life, ordered her to be placed under arrest. The brutal husband and father was ordered to quit the temple forthwith, and the priests, taking him in charge, led him to the high priest's hut to pass the night. A strong guard was placed round the temple, and soon the whole village was quiet again.

At about 2 o'clock in the morning a shot was heard, and was immediately succeeded by a frightful howling. The troops at once turned out, only to be informed by one of the sentries that he had shot a tiger near the village well. The officers proceeded towards the well, and there saw an old mangy tigress in the throes of death, while beside her lay the dead daughter of the high priest. The beast had seized her while she lay on the veranda of her father's dwelling, and, having killed her by one blow of her powerful paw, was dragging her towards her lair when the sentry fired. Words cannot adequately describe the father's grief when he was informed of his daughter's death, and he ascribed all the trouble of that night to the god's anger at his temple having been desecrated and his servants outcasted. The sentry had, however, rid the village of the demon "Oop," for no doubt the man-eating tigress was responsible for the disappearance of all the missing women and children, but so high was the feeling against the tailed woman and her offspring that the officers decided to carry them in a bullock cart to Shillong.

The troops moved away from the village at about 7 a. m., the woman and her children being closely guarded in the bullock cart. Before their arrival at Shillong one of the children died

from malarial fever, and it was more than pitiful to see the grief of the remaining little one. The mother had lapsed into a stony silence, and neither the tears of the babe nor the constant kindness of the officers, had power to move her to utter one word. She remained in this condition until she reached Shil-long.

The Commissioner ordered the woman and child to be sent to Calcutta, to be taken care of by the Roman Catholic Sisters, and after a long journey they duly reached their destination. Lord Dufferin, the then Viceroy of India, requested that photographs of the tailed woman and her little one be secured, but no amount of coaxing or persuasion could induce the woman to enter the photographer's studio. At last a strong opiate was administered to her in some brandy—of which she was inordinately fond—and another attempt was made to get her into the studio. She walked into the studio very quietly and appeared to be in a dazed condition, owing to the opiate, until the photographer in adjusting the camera placed his head under a black cloth. When she saw him do this she became terrified, and with a piercing shriek she rushed to the window and threw herself out. She fell a distance of sixty-three feet to the ground and was quite dead when picked up. The only photograph taken was that of her little son, who died shortly afterwards in Calcutta.

That there is a race of human being who possess tails is undoubted, for it would be impossible for the ignorant natives of Assam to collect mere freaks for exhibition purposes. They have no use for such things. But just where the country the tailed tribe inhabit is situated, it is impossible to say. Certain it is that the priests of the hill tribes of Assam can find tailed men and women for service in their temples when they want them, but not for all the gold of India would they catch these human apes and sell them to become the sport and playthings of the white man. They are the true servant of Hanuman, the monkey god of the Hindoos.

“Don’t.”



Don't waste your gas and blame the meter.

Don't light your stove and then take a kettle to the sink to fill.

Fill it first.

Don't let your stove become dirty, and expect economical results.

Don't let the burners under the water back run indefinitely.

When boiler is hot turn it off, and—

Don't heat a boiler full of water, when you need only a gallon for dishes.

Don't let your lights burn all night and charge it to the gas range.

Don't allow your flame to get yellow; admit more air, not too much.

Don't light your ovens and let them go. Regulate them carefully, using a hand glass. Scorched meat or bread is not the fault of the range.

Don't light your ovens, and then delay using them for a half hour.

Don't kick about your bill, and quote your friend's small cooking expense. She is probably more careful. (May be she is a better cook.)

Don't forget that 80 per cent of your coal is wasted; 20 per cent only (the gas in it) is heat; the balance goes up chimney, settles on your carpets and hangings, and helps make house-keeping drudgery.

Don't fail to learn how to read your meter. It may save you many a false alarm and nervous shock. Meter cards supplied on demand.

Don't expect a gas range to be efficient when you have insufficient supply from the meter. Regulate your pressure with the stop cock behind stove.

Don't neglect to read the instructions in this book carefully and comprehensively. Learn all about your range. It is far less complicated than your sewing machine, every piece of which you doubtless thoroughly understand.

❧ In the Land of the Lamas ❧



THE return of Mr. Landor from far Thibet, with twenty-two wounds and an injured spine as the result of his temerity in penetrating into the heart of the country of the Lamas, does not tend to reassure travelers and explorers whose ambitions would lead them to visit the realms where Mahatmas are said to reign supreme; but it must be borne in mind that many travelers, both experienced and inexperienced, have penetrated far into Thibet and returned in safety to give the world the benefit of their geographical and scientific researches.

We have not yet been informed in what part of Thibet Mr. Landor met with such savage treatment. More than likely, some of the many wandering bands of banditti are responsible for his injuries; but these bands are only to be met with in far Eastern Thibet, on the Chinese frontier. So far no European explorer has ever been seriously injured in Thibet. And although the Lamas have an intense hatred of any foreigner entering their sacred towns and temples, they would hardly go so far as to torture, although they would, and do, sternly insist on the traveler leaving the vicinity of the towns or monasteries, and will absolutely refuse to supply him with the bare necessities of life, even if he is in sore straits.

The Thibetans are a very social people, and all possible circumstances, especially marriages and births, are made occasions for feasting and enjoyment. And occasions of this kind are many, for polyandry has been practiced among them from the earliest times, and as a consequence, there is always a marriage feast going on in any village one may happen to strike on the road of travel. Polyandry has been carried by the spread of the Thibetan race into more genial countries, such as Bhutan, Sikkim, Eastern Turkestan and Nepeul, but it is only by the most ignorant classes of these countries that it is practiced.

The joint husbands are usually, but not always, brothers. The wedding ceremony takes place at the house or tent of the bride's parents, after adequate presents have been offered by the elder brother, husband or bridegroom, and without the assistance of any priest. It consists chiefly in the engagement of the intending spouses, and the placing of a piece of butter by the bride's parent on the head of the bridegroom, and by his parent on the head of the bride. Unless otherwise stated by the mother in each case, the elder husband is the putative father of the children, and the others are "uncles." Temporary marriages are recognized throughout Thibet, whether contracted for six months, or perhaps a week, or perhaps two days, and that these unions are not held immoral, one may safely assert that, as regards their marriage relations, this people are little removed from promiscuity, which is only indefinite polyandry joined with indefinite polygamy.

If the marriage customs of the Thibetans are strange, their burial customs are even more peculiar. First the hair is plucked out from the top of the head in order to facilitate transmigration. The corpse is not disposed of everywhere or always in the same way (lack of fuel sometimes preventing cremation), and the Lamas decide whether it is to be put away by interment, by throwing into the river, or by exposure to beasts and birds of prey. The last named mode (regarded as very honorable) has almost disappeared in the west, but is still practiced in the east and central provinces; the body is cut in pieces and the bones broken into fragments by professional corpse butchers, and when all the flesh has been devoured at the selected spot, called "dur krod," to which the body has been previously carried, it is not unusual to throw the remaining fragments of the broken bones into the river; sometimes the phalanges of the fingers are preserved to be used in rosaries. The Lamas are generally inhumed in a sitting posture, the knees being brought up to the chin and corded together as tightly as possible. In the case of distinguished high priests, the body is burned in a metal vessel, the ashes being afterward carefully collected to be made into an image of the deceased.

The funeral services take place before the crops are gathered, except in the case of very poor people, whose corpses are thrown into the streams at once after death. All those bodies which are to be disposed of by cremation or by being fed to the birds or dogs are put in wicker baskets, well salted, and kept until the time of the funeral. When the body is to be devoured by birds of prey and dogs, the usual method is to lay the naked corpse on the ground, fastening it by a rope tied to a stake, so that it cannot be dragged about. But there is another more recherche and desirable mode followed, as was done some years ago with the body of the "living Buddha" at Lit'ang. This was carried out of the lamaserai or monastery on a stretcher, which was followed by the abbot and his 3500 monks. Many of the latter (probably ri-tru-ba, or ascetics) had human jaw-bones fastened to their left arms, and skull bones hanging from their sides. The procession marched slowly to the top of a hill outside the town. The corpse was laid on the ground, and the abbot took his seat on a stone near by.

Then some Lamas stripped the flesh off the body, commencing with the arms, and handed the pieces to the abbot. These he held at arm's length in the air, when vultures and other birds of prey, which were sailing around in expectation of the feast, swooped down and snatched them from his hand. In this manner all but the bones were disposed of; then these were pounded into pulp, and the abbot mixed them with tsamba (parched barley) in his eating bowl and fed the balls thus made to the birds, reserving for his own private delectation the last ball of the unsavory mess. With this the ceremony was at an end. This form of obsequies, known as "celestial interment," is the most esteemed.

The reason for the preference given to this "celestial interment" is, I believe, found in the lamaist theory of the "intermediate state" between death and regeneration, which it is most desirable to shorten. Its length depends on the time requisite for the complete dissolution of the body, which here means its digestion by the birds, dogs or fishes. So, by feeding it to the birds, the period of "intermediate state" is reduced to a mini-

mum; dogs come next, and nibbling fishes last in the line of professional resurrectionists. In the case of some of the highest Lamas the body is mummified in the dry air of the country, wrapped in silks and satins, and placed in a monument. Mortuary services are held by the Lamas at the houses of the deceased, to propitiate the judge in Hades, who weighs in his balance the good and evil deeds of the dead. The length of these services, as of the services held by priests of any and all other religions, is regulated by that of the purse of the deceased's relatives.

The Thibetans are generally farmers, no other occupation being open to them, if we except the priesthood; but they are at the same time keen traders, and he would be a very smart man who would get the better of them in a bargain, ignorant as they are of the Western modes of doing business. In the main, they are simple, truthful and honest, and were it not for the tyrannous power exercised over them by the Lamas there is every reason to believe that they would emerge from their present semi-savage state and attempt the development of their country. They are powerless, however, to do this so long as their country remains in its present priest-ridden state.

The export of wool and hides from Thibet is growing enormously year by year, and it cannot be very long before these exceed in value the present most valuable export of Thibet—musk. Some conception of the magnitude of the export of musk may be had from the fact that the agent of one foreign firm of Shanghai purchases over \$150,000 worth annually. Nearly all the musk before it is brought over the frontier is adulterated by the Thibetans with blood, liver, etc., so that of one "cod" they make four or five. Concerning musk and its adulterations Caesar Fredericke says: "There is a certaine beaste in Tartaria which is wilde and as big as a wolfe, which beaste they take aliv and beat him to death with small staves, that his blood may be spread through his whole body; then they cut it in pieces and take out all the bones and beat the flesh in a mortar very small, and dry it and make purses to put it in of the skin, and these be the cods of muske." And

Hokluyt, the editor, adds: "This muske the Jewes doe counterfeit and take out halfe the good muske and beat the flesh of an asse and put in the room of it."

And it is not only musk that these people adulterate. Everything salable is adulterated if it will admit of it. I recollect seeing a caravan of wool merchants coming through the Yalap pass with about 200 mules loaded with wool packed in skins. At the end of the pass they camped and prepared the midday meal. The meal finished, the men unloaded about fifty mules and deliberately placed the wool in a small running stream so that it might become soaked with water, and so weigh much heavier when they sold it at Gnatong, their next halting place. Again, the wool merchants will not open any of the skins so that the purchasers may see the quality of the wool. It has to be bought as it stands, unopened, and it is no uncommon thing for the European buyer to find that about 30 per cent. of the weight is made up of stones, skins and bones. Of course, the buyer naturally cannot pay as much for this kind of material as he could for good wool, and so he in turn cheats by making his weights a good deal heavier than the supposed correct weights. If the Thibetan by any chance ever found out that the weights were incorrect, the European wool buyer would speedily have to make tracks from that region, for he would be unable to procure food to eat or water to drink, so bitter would be the feeling against him. The white man is known to the Thibetans as the man "who holds the balance even," and if their ideal is shattered nothing on earth would ever induce them to trade with a European again.

The Thibetans are people after Darwin's own heart, for they firmly believe they are descended from the apes. According to their legend, Thibet was originally inhabited by animals and demons. At a certain period God sent to Thibet the king of the monkeys, who led there the life of a hermit. This hermit's exclusive occupation was the performance of religious duties, and he was absorbed in the pursuit of the knowledge of nonentity. When he was just on the point of attaining the object of his pursuit he was disturbed in his contemplations by the

visits of a female Manggus. The Manggus, whose Sanskrit name is Rakshas, are ugly demons who can, however, adopt any figure they please. The Manggus who came to the king of the monkeys had assumed a beautiful figure and proposed to the king to marry her. The king at first alleged his monastical duties, but at last he married the Manggus, and their descendants are the people of Thibet. This account, however, ridiculous it may appear to a western mind, is all-important to a nation which believes in the metempsychosis and is proud of its descent from a monkey, because he is one of the most cunning of animals.

In Thibet proper I should say there are ten Lamas or priests to every six laymen, and so much power do these men possess that no layman's life would be safe did he not implicitly obey the dictates of his spiritual instructor. These priests are strictly enjoined by the rubrics of their faith to lead celibate lives, but a visit to any lamaserai or monastery will disclose the fact that each Lama has four or five wives—in reality slaves. These women, the priests will tell you, are the servants of the monastery, but, as a matter of fact, they never do any work, and are much better dressed, and exhibit considerable more jewelry than the ordinary Thibetan woman. Moreover, all the work is done by real slaves, for slavery is rampant in Thibet. If a poor man owes money his creditor can seize him as a slave until the money is paid. Even in the event of the money being tendered in payment, the creditor is not bound to accept it as a principal, but pockets it as interest on the principal, and still holds on to the slave. This custom is one most religiously guarded and observed by priests and laymen alike. The master has power to punish and even to put to death any slave who displeases him, and very often exercises it. But this is not all. The master supplies his slaves with wives, and any issue of these marriages belongs to the master, to do with as it may please him—keep or sell for slaves.

A great deal has been written by travelers about the position occupied by woman in Thibet. Her position is not what it appears to be to the traveler, except in the far east of Thibet,

where polyandry is quite common. Here she is certainly more than the equal of man. But in Southern and Western Thibet she is simply a slave. There is one astonishing thing about the Thibetan husband. He will never, by any chance, do any business without consulting his wife, and although he may treat her in the most brutal manner, he will not conclude any bargain without her consent. Bright, cheery and hard-working, the Thibetan woman most certainly deserves to be treated well; but her lord looks upon her as an item of live stock, and does not treat her with nearly so much consideration as he would one of his beasts of burden—yak or mule. To illustrate this. In August, 1892, I was staying at Darjeeling, a hill station in the north of Bengal, when I was ordered to proceed to Yatong, a small town at the northeast end of Yalap pass. After considerable difficulty I engaged carriers, mostly Thibetan women, and having procured provisions, I made a start on a Wednesday morning and reached Kalimpong, a village twenty-seven miles distant from Darjeeling, that same night. The women had each of them carried a load of about sixty pounds weight, and their husbands had trotted behind, mounted on the small mules of the country, but when a halt had been called, the tents pitched and the men had fed and watered their mules, they ordered their wives to prepare tea immediately.

The tea having been prepared, with butter in it, it was served to the husbands, the wives waiting, and with eager eyes watching their lords and the teapots to see whether any tea would be left for their own enjoyment. Some of the men left some tea for their wives, others again drained the teapots dry, but all of them, when they had finished their tea drinking, threw themselves at full length upon the ground, and their wives, with the skill of professional masseuses, knelt down and proceeded to knead the limbs of their lords and masters to eliminate any soreness or fatigue which these dignified Thibetans may have possessed.

This performance was at times varied by one of the men knocking his wife down, she having kneaded a trifle too roughly for his liking. The wife would make no outcry but

would get on her knees again and rub away at her husband's limbs until he pronounced himself satisfied.

Then came the preparation of the evening meal. The wives had to fetch wood and water for some distance up the hillside, the men meanwhile lounging about the place, smoking and chatting. As soon as the meal was cooked the wives served it to their husbands when, but not until the men had finished, and were literally gorged to satiety, the women quietly collected the remains of the meal and sat down apart from their husbands to eat the little that was left for them.

This kind of thing went on every day until we reached Gnatong, the extreme British outpost on the Thibetan frontier. At this place I met a Miss Taylor an American medical missionary who was stationed at Yatong, and had only arrived at Gnatong the day prior to my arrival there. Having procured drugs, of which she was badly in need, from the British medical officer at that place, she decided to join my caravan on the following day and journey with me so far as Yatong. But, unfortunately for both of us, Miss Taylor possessed a temper, and although at all times she was tender and sympathetic to her patients, yet, if any of them did do a little pilfering, and the goods pilfered belonged to Miss Taylor, they always heard about it. And this was what happened the night previous to our departure: Miss Taylor had caught a Thibetan stealing some sugar from the tent and had cut him sharply across the hand with her riding whip. The man said nothing, but promptly sent his wife to interview the lady missionary. Now, if there is one person in the world more than another who can use the most disgusting and filthy language, that person is a Thibetan woman. The injured man's wife arrived, and for a period of twenty minutes constant volleys of oaths and vituperation were poured out upon the devoted head of Miss Taylor. Her female ancestors were cursed from generation to generation, and at last Miss Taylor herself was introduced into the argument as a barley-faced, ugly, white devil, whose mother was the servant of sin, and who is so ugly that she has grown old without being able to find a husband for herself." Miss Taylor certainly was

a lady of uncertain age, and was not as comely as the majority of her countrywomen, and the Thibetan woman's remarks appeared to rouse the missionary's ire, for all at once she raised her riding whip, and swish, swish, the Thibetan lady had two beautiful marks across her cheeks. Her language then became so awful that I had to interfere and have the woman sent back to her husband's tent. On the following morning there was not a Thibetan in sight, nor was there any food left for us to eat. All our stores had disappeared with the Thibetans. My Mahomedan servant, Ali Bux, had remained faithful, and when he found that his rice and his hookah had also disappeared he called his prophet to witness that the Thibetans were a race of thieves, whose fathers were pigs and whose mothers were the daughters of burnt jackals.

Of course Miss Taylor apologized very prettily for the trouble her little ebullition of temper had caused, and we had to make the best of a very bad job. We traveled for two whole days without food, and on the morning of the third day we were able to purchase enough tasmba, brick tea and dried meat to carry us to the end of our journey.

On our arrival at Yatong there was a great festival in progress there. Sheep, pigs and goats were being slaughtered in great numbers for the feast, and a more brutal mode of killing animals I have never seen. They were killing pigs in the following manner: A Lama, with a long rosary and praying wheel in his left hand, would take a long, sharp-pointed stake in his right hand, and, mumbling an incantation, would drive the stake with great force into the pig just under the left shoulder. The wretched beast would then run for some distance with blood gushing from its nose and mouth, the bystanders, meanwhile, making wagers on the distance the pig would be able to run before falling to the ground. Miss Taylor informed me that she was obliged to witness such scenes eight or ten times a year—in fact, whenever there was a feast or festival being celebrated.

At this place I noticed seven bullock carts, each cart having on it a wooden cage about three feet square, in which was

huddled a most miserable looking man dressed in red rags and with chains on his hands and legs and neck. These men, I was informed, were criminals who had committed some heinous offence at Yatong and had been sent to Lhasa for trial. They had been convicted and had been sent back to Yatong for execution. The execution took place in the afternoon, each man being beheaded, and their bodies were at once thrown into the river. The heads, with long papers covered with Thibetan characters attached to them, were placed upon posts just outside the gates of the town.

Miss Taylor was certainly a very good Samaritan here, for she visited each cage and supplied its occupant with food and tea, and did all in her power to comfort and help the poor wretches who were so soon to be dispatched to the land of spirits.

At Yatong I left this self-sacrificing woman, and, having procured guides and servants, made my way by easy stages to Chetang, near the great Yamdok lake. I say easy stages advisedly, for both guides and servants had undoubtedly mastered the intricacies of the piano e sano mode of traveling. If they wanted to go two miles a day, they went two miles a day—and no more. Nothing that I could say or do would induce them to go one-half mile further; but, withal, they were quite a jolly lot of men, always smiling, even when they had had no food for twelve hours—which means purgatory to a Thibetan.

At Chetang I was politely informed that I must retrace my steps at once, and that the sooner I put a long distance between the town and myself the better it would be for me. To enforce his request, the Lama trotted out eight of the most villainous looking wretches I have ever set eyes upon. These men were Chinese, and, as I was told, soldiers. They were accoutered only with bows and arrows, but heavens, what a murderous looking set they were. These men were to be my escort as far as the Lhabrok river, and I, by no means, fancied being in such close proximity to these warriors for a month; so the first day on our return march, I proposed to the guides that as we were mounted, we could make a bolt for it, for the

soldiers could not possibly catch us up, as they were on foot. At first the guides demurred to my proposition, saying that if we were by any chance caught it would mean certain death to us.

I had rather a shrewd idea that it meant death to us anyway, and I informed them that they had a certain amount of money, rugs and blankets of which the soldiers could make good use. This settled it and when we came to a small stream which we had to ford, we put spurs to our horses and placed a good thirty miles between ourselves and the soldiers before we laid down to rest at all. We never saw any more of our escort, and nine weeks later I had the pleasure eating a good, English dinner at that club of clubs, the Planters, Darjeeling.



❧ Wrinkles ❧



When clothes have acquired an unpleasant odor by being kept in a close place charcoal laid in the folds will soon remove it.

Powdered charcoal placed around roses and other flowers adds to their richness.

Camphor gum placed on shelves or in drawers will effectually drive away mice.

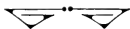
HOME-MADE CAMPHOR ICE.

Melt half a teacupful of mutton tallow with a piece of camphor-gum the size of a large hickory-nut; pour into a little cup or mold.



The Studio China Kiln, for Firing Decorated China

© Dainty Dishes ©



PRESSED VEAL OR CHICKEN.

Put four pounds of veal, or two chickens into a pot; cover with water, stew slowly until the meat drops from the bone, take out and chop it; let the liquor boil down until there is a cupful; put in a small cup of butter, a tablespoonful of pepper, a little allspice and a beaten egg; stir this through the meat; slice a hard-boiled egg; lay in your mold, and press in the meat, when sent to table garnish with celery tops or parsley.

SWEETBREADS WITH MUSHROOMS.

Parboil sweetbreads, allowing eight medium-sized ones to a can of mushrooms; cut the sweetbreads about half an inch square, stew until tender; slice mushrooms and stew in the liquor for one hour, then add to the sweetbreads a coffee cupful of cream, pepper and salt, and a tablespoonful of butter. Sweetbreads boiled and served with green peas make a very nice dish.

VEAL CROQUETTES.

Mince veal fine, mix one-half cup of milk with one teaspoonful of flour and a piece of butter the size of an egg; cook until it thickens; stir into the meat; roll into balls; dip in egg, with a little milk stirred in, roll in brown bread crumbs; set in a cold place for two or three hours and fry in hot cottolene.

CROQUETTES.

Cut cold veal, chicken or sweetbreads, a little of each, or separately, very fine, add a little fat and lean ham, half the quantity of the whole of bread crumbs, two eggs, butter the size of

an egg, pepper, salt and a little mustard. Knead like sausage meat, adding a little cream; form in any shape, dip in egg, and then roll in cracker crumbs; set in a cold place for several hours; fry in lard until a light brown. Dry them in the oven. Celery or mushrooms are an improvement.

RAGOUT A LA CHATEAUBRIAND.

Cut three pounds of veal from the neck or breast into small pieces, and fry in butter or dripping to a light brown; remove from the pan, and to the butter add a tablespoonful of flour; cook a few minutes, then add two cups of warm water, one onion, a sprig each of thyme and parsley, a carrot sliced, salt and pepper, then the meat, and cover; when done, place the meat on the dish, strain with gravy around it, and garnish with small onions fried.

RAGOUT A LA MOLIERE.

Cut pieces of mutton, veal, beef, or rabbit into any size and shape desired; heat a tablespoonful of drippings or cottolene in a saucepan, and when hot fry the meat until almost done. Take out the meat and add a tablespoonful of browned flour, wet up with lukewarm water, mix well and stir into a quart of boiling water, season with salt and cayenne pepper, add the meat, three or four onions, and six or seven potatoes—partially boiled before they are put into the ragout; cover closely and stew until the vegetables are done. Take out the meat and vegetables and skim off all the fat from the gravy, season more, if necessary, pour over the ragout and serve.

SWEETBREADS.

Put two large parboiled sweetbreads into a stew-pan with one and one-half gills of water, season with salt, black and cayenne pepper and set over a slow fire. Mix one large tablespoonful of browned flour with a piece of butter, stir butter and gravy well

together. After stewing slowly for half an hour set the pan in the oven of the gas stove, and when nicely browned place in a dish, pour the gravy into one-half pint stewed tomatoes, thicken with one dessertspoonful of flour, butter, salt, and pepper, strain through a sieve into a stew-pan, let it come to a boil, stir until done, pour over the sweetbreads and send to the table hot.

TO BROIL SWEETBREADS.

Soak an hour in salt and water; drain, parboil, then rub well in butter and broil; turn often, and each time they are turned roll them in a plate of hot melted butter, so that they will not become hard and dry.

SWEETBREADS FRIED.

Wash in salt and water, parboil, cut into pieces the size of large oyster, season, dip in rolled cracker crumbs and fry to a light brown in lard or butter.

SWEETBREADS STEWED.

Wash, remove all the bits of skin, soak in salt and water one hour, then parboil; when half cooked, take from the fire, cut into small pieces, stew in a little water until tender, add a piece of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of flour, and boil up once. Serve hot on toast. Another way is to prepare as above and serve with tomato sauce.

SWEETBREAD FRITTERS.

Parboil the sweetbreads; cut into small pieces, and season with salt, pepper and parsley; dip into batter and fry in hot lard.

WELSH RARE-BIT.

One-quarter pound cream cheese, quarter cup of cream or milk, one teaspoonful of mustard, half-teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne pepper, one egg, one teaspoonful of butter, four slices of toast. This quantity will require to be doubled for a large family. Break the cheese in small pieces, or, if hard, grate it. Put it with the milk in a double boiler. Toast the bread and keep it hot. Mix the mustard, salt, and pepper, add the egg, and beat well. When the cheese is melted, stir in the eggs and cook two minutes, or until it thickens a little, but do not let it curdle. Pour it over the toast.

CROQUETTES OF CALF'S BRAINS.

Lay the brains in salt water for an hour or until they look perfectly white. Boil in salted water until tender. Boil also a sweetbread. When cold, mince fine together. Stir into a white sauce and boil up well. When cool enough, shape, crumb and fry. The sweetbreads can be omitted.

BEEF CROQUETTES.

Use cold meat of any kind. Chop or grind fine, and add to the brown sauce for croquettes, one pint of meat to one cupful of sauce. Boil together well, cool and mould. Crumb and fry. This is an especially nice way to use up cold soup meat.

FISH CROQUETTES.

Use any kind of cold boiled fish. Free it from skin and bone. Mince fine. To one pint of minced fish use one cup of well-seasoned mashed potatoes, two eggs well beaten. Mix well, season to taste, shape, crumb and fry. One cupful of white sauce can be used in place of mashed potatoes.

CUSTARD FRITTERS.

Half-pint of milk, five eggs, half-cupful of sugar, one gill of cream, common batter. Beat milk, cream, sugar and eggs together, strain, put into small bowl, set in sauce pan, with boiling water, to reach half-way up the sides of the bowl; steam very gently until set, about twenty minutes. Place on ice until cold, cut into pieces about one and a half inches long by one inch square, dip into common batter and fry in plenty of hot lard, a deep fawn color. Serve sprinkled with powdered sugar.

CLAM FRITTERS.

Twenty-five clams, dried well with a clean towel, one pint flour, one even teaspoon baking powder, two well-beaten eggs, half-pint milk, and about the same of the clam liquor. Beat until smooth and stir in the clams. It is better to chop the clams before putting them in the batter.

CORN FRITTERS.

Six ears of corn, three eggs, one teaspoon baking powder, half teaspoon salt, one cup flour, half-cup milk. Grate the corn, beat the eggs very light, then add the flour, with salt and powder sifted with it, then the milk, and lastly the grated corn. Have the frying pan very hot and put a little lard in it and when that is hot drop the batter in with a spoon and bake a light brown. Serve hot.

APPLE FRITTERS.

Make a batter with one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful sugar, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, mixed with the flour. Chop a half dozen good tart apples, mix in the batter, and fry in hot lard.

RICE FRITTERS.

One cup rice, one pint milk, three eggs, one tablespoon butter, two tablespoons sugar. Boil rice in milk until soft, and all the milk is absorbed; then remove from the fire and add yolks of eggs, sugar and butter; when cold add whites whipped to dry froth; drop in a spoonful at a time in plenty of lard made hot for that purpose, fry them light brown. Serve with cream, wine or lemon sauce.

BLACKBERRY FRITTERS.

One cupful blackberries, one cup and a half common batter; mix berries in batter, and drop by tablespoonfuls in plenty of hot lard. Serve with sauce. All berry fritters can be made as directed for the above.



❖ A Plot That Failed ❖



ONE of the strangest criminal plots on record is the "Patiala" case, which occurred in India a few years ago. It will be seen how fatally it ended for the plotters and their victims.

In December 1891, the Maharajah of Patiala, one of India's wealthiest princes, was attending the great race meeting of the year in Calcutta. His partner in racing matters was at that time Lord William Beresford, who was Military Secretary to the Viceroy, and who has since married an American lady—the dowager duchess of Marlborough. "Ulundi Bill," as Lord William was called by the troops, was a magnificent jockey himself, but being unable to ride at the weight required, he was forced to secure the services of a professional jockey to ride a horse in the race for the Viceroy's Cup, a trophy the Maharajah was very desirous of winning.

His choice fell upon one, Arthur Taylor, an Australian jockey of some note, who, after a hotly contested race, had the good fortune to pilot his horse to victory. So pleased was the Maharajah with the jockey's services that he made him a magnificent present and at the same time offered him the post of superintendent of the princely stables of Patiala. Taylor accepted the appointment, and shortly after the race meeting had closed he proceeded to Patiala where he was duly installed as "master of the horse."

A few months later Taylor was joined by a woman whom he introduced to the few European residents of Patiala as his sister. She was an extremely beautiful woman, a pure blonde with a wealth of golden hair and a Juno-like figure—a woman in every way likely to excite and inflame the passions of such an Oriental as Suddanath Singh, Maharajah of Patiala.

Soon after her arrival, the native and European residents of Patiala began to comment on the numerous visits which the

Maharajah paid to his stable superintendent's bungalow, and the British resident of the Court of Patiala, Colonel Greer, felt it his duty to remonstrate with Taylor, and seriously advised him not to encourage the Prince's visits. Meanwhile, the native press, especially the "Amritsar Bazaar Patrika," a native organ always on the qui vive to obtain any news of a scandal in which Europeans were involved, began to publish articles in which they insinuated that Miss Taylor was the mistress of the Maharajah, and that she should feel highly honored at being chosen by a Sikh prince of such long and unblemished lineage to be his concubine.

This kind of thing continued until August, 1892, when the European and native press published the news that Suddanath Singh, Maharajah of Patiala was engaged to be married to Florence Taylor, sister of the erstwhile jockey.

The native press were intensely bitter upon the subject, and published article after article of seditious character calculated to inflame the minds of the natives against their English conquerors. The "Amritsar Bazaar Patrika," prophesied that the house of Patiala would fall in the event of its prince entering the holy bonds of matrimony with an accursed feringhi, and was so far from being complimentary to Miss Taylor as to call her "the spawn of Nichada, the slayer of the sacred ox."

The legend runs that Mahadeo, the great-god, was wandering through the forest, when he met a young girl of surpassing beauty, whom he married. Several children were the result of this union, among them being a son who was called Nichada. This son was remarkable for his great strength, his coal black skin, his terrible ugliness and satyr-like bestiality. This Nichada in a fit of passion one day killed Nandi, the sacred ox of the god Mahadeo. As a punishment for his crime he was held accursed, banished to the forests and received the name of Nichada—i. e., unclean, parish and outcast. The Bheels, a wild tribe in India, claim to be direct descendants of Nichada. Could any insult have been more terrible to native ideas, than to be called, as the native press called Miss Taylor, "the spawn of Nichada?"

The Indian government applied to Colonel Greer, the resident at the Court of Patiala, for the facts of the case, and meanwhile prohibited the issue of the "Amritsar Bazaar Patrika." Lord Lansdowne, the Viceroy of India, brought great pressure to bear upon the Maharajah in the hope that he would abandon his matrimonial project. But the viceroy's efforts in this direction were in vain, notwithstanding the fact that he had the very strong support of all the souneshies, or priests of the Sikh caste, who warned the Maharajah that his alliance with a feringhi would be productive of evil, and on the 14th of September, 1892, Suddanath Singh, the lion of Patiala, was legally married at the British residence to the woman who described herself as Florence Taylor, spinster, of Melbourne, Australia.

At the time of his marriage to Miss Taylor, his Highness had no legal wife living, although his harem contained about fifty women of the Sikh caste. Some of these women had borne him children, but none of these infants could inherit his throne, as they were not born of a reigning maharanee, and although the prince had been married three times and had made pilgrimages and endowed temples in the hope that his devotions would propitiate his various deities, and induce them to grant him an heir male to reign after him, all of his three wives had died childless.

This state of affairs had led to endless intrigue at his court, for in the event of his death there would be many claimants for his throne, and everybody having a knowledge of the intrigue common to oriental courts will know how long a team of assassinations and sudden deaths follow in its wake.

The Maharajah had been married for a year or so, and with Oriental fickleness had begun to tire of his English wife, and took himself off on a long hunting tour, being absent about eight months.

During his absence, some of the nobles of the Court induced the Maharanee, who no doubt felt greatly incensed against her dusky spouse for his speedy desertion of her, to enter into a

conspiracy with them to foist a spurious heir upon the Marajah.

Arthur Taylor, whose sister the Maharanee was supposed to be, is said to have been one of the prime movers in the plot; be this as it may, certain it is that he knew of the designs against his employer, and more than certain that the woman, Florence Taylor, was not his sister, but his paramour. Arrangements were made by the parties to the plot to obtain possession of an infant born of a native woman by a European father, shortly before the Maharajah's return. The plot succeeded so well that on her husband's return he was presented with a whitey-brown infant boy who was, according to the Maharanee, his own son and heir. The Prince's joy knew no bounds, and Patiala was the scene of a succession of fetes and festivities the equal of which had never been witnessed in the state.

If the Maharajah had only reasoned with himself a little, he would have found that his festivities, etc., were rather out of place. Given that the child was his own son, born in wedlock, the Indian Government in the first place, and the fanatical souchies or priests of the Sikh caste in the second place, would never have allowed a half-breed or Eurasian to ascend the princely throne of Patiala. A sikh, and a Sikh only, could ever rule that turbulent, warlike race, and as it is necessary to be born a Sikh,—for by no earthly means can one be received into that caste if born of parents of another religion—it will easily be seen how futile ultimately would be the efforts of the conspirators. Doubtless this view of the matter did not present itself to the Prince or to the plotters.

The Maharanee was now in high favor with her husband, and the conspirators began to make demands upon her purse which she was well able to satisfy so long as they kept within bounds. Matters went on fairly smoothly until January, 1896. In that month, one of the plotters, the Thakour Durga Singh, a noble of Patiala, took unto himself the daughter of a neighboring chieftain to wife and, as is the common custom among Orientals, he expected a very rich present from the Maharajah and his Ranee.

The present which they sent him evidently did not come up to his expectations, for soon after his marriage he demanded an interview about the matter with the Maharanee, and she complied with his demand.

The interview took place in an avenue in the grounds of the palace, and after much mutual recrimination, Durga Singh demanded a very large sum of money from the Maharanee under pain of exposure of the whole plot to which they had both been privy. At this demand the lady lost her temper, and although not speaking Hindustani well, she had learned enough of the language to be able to abuse Durga Singh soundly. Such vituperation and insult did she heap upon him that he left her presence utterly cowed and unnerved.

This interview was the cause of the undoing of all the parties to the plot. Behind one of the large trees on the avenue a yogi, or native priest, had been sitting. He had heard all that had passed at the interview. Priest-like, he determined to take a hand in the game himself, and he lost no time in proceeding to a neighboring temple and convening an audience of Sikh priests to whom he unfolded his tale. After some deliberation the high priest decided to go to the Prince and acquaint him with the yogi's story.

At first the Maharajah refused to credit a word of the yogi's story, for he was kept pretty well informed, as a rule, of all the intrigue which went on in his court, he, like all other native Princes, having a very efficient system of espionage in force in his palace. But the yogi was very insistent, and he was also, to the Maharajah's thinking, a very holy man, and the Prince agreed at last to enquire into the matter.

He at first sent for the Thakour Durga Singh. On his arrival at the palace, the noble was ushered into a room in which sat the Maharajah, his Ranee and the yogi. Neither the Maharanee nor Durga Singh had seen the yogi on the day of their interview, and were completely in the dark as to the object of his presence in the room; but as soon as the Prince began to question Durga Singh, the two schemers must have felt that the game was up.

Durga Singh denied everything that the yogi stated had taken place. His mere denial did not satisfy the Maharajah, and as the Lions of Patiala have never been famous for mercy or compassion, the Prince no doubt ordered him to undergo torture in order to extract the truth from him. At any rate, the Maharajah became cognizant of the plot in all its details, and for the next few days there was quite an epidemic of snake bites, cholera and sunstroke among the nobles of the Court of Patiala, Durga Singh being one of the first victims.

On the 2nd February, 1896, the press of Calcutta and Bombay published the information that Florence, Maharanee of Patiala, was seriously ill of malarial fever, and that an English military surgeon was on his way from Calcutta to attend her.

Before the doctor arrived at Patiala the Maharanee expired, and as is the custom of the Sikhs, was burned on a pyre of sandalwood. There was no opportunity for a post mortem examination of the body, and it will never be known if the disease she was said to be suffering from was the true cause of her death. The chances are that she was poisoned by her husband's concubines.

Her pseudo brother, Arthur Taylor the jockey, was said to have committed suicide while he was intoxicated by throwing himself from the roof of his bungalow. At any rate, his body was found, with his neck broken, on the ground near the steps of his bungalow on the very morning of the day that the remains of his paramour were given to the flames.

The Indian Government has now given the native princes to understand that they will never be allowed to contract any matrimonial alliances with a European lady, as her life would be in constant jeopardy. The caste system which prevails in India is not conducive to the mixing of the two races, and native nobles who had marriageable daughters would not only scheme and intrigue to bring about the white woman's death, but would, in the end, lose all respect for their English conquerors who permitted such a state of affairs to exist.

Spanish Dishes ❀ ❀ ❀



TAMALES.

Five pounds Indian meal, one-half pint hot water, one pint olive oil, or melted lard, salt to taste. Mix and beat with the hands until very light. Have ready some dry and clean husk. On each husk put a large tablespoon of the mixture with another husk, tie up the ends with two strips of husk, and steam for two hours.

TAMALE STUFFING.

To four pounds of chicken, pork or beef, cooked and chopped, add one quart of chile sauce, and a little chopped onion and garlic. Boil for ten minutes. One pint of stoned olives, and one pound of seeded raisins may be added if desired, but they are not absolutely necessary.

ENCHILADAS.

Take freshly made tortillas, dip into boiling olive oil, or lard, then into chile sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese mixed with finely mixed cooked meat, or hard boiled eggs. Roll and sprinkle on more cheese, or arrange in layers of three or four. After preparing, set them in the oven for two or three minutes, so as to serve as hot as possible. Garnish with lettuce, radishes, and small green onions.

CHILE SAUCE.

Get your dry chile peppers from some reliable place doing a good business, so as to be sure they are grown the year you get them. Break them open and let them stand in a little warm water, until thoroughly softened, remove the seeds and veins, and pass the pulp through a coarse sieve; add a little grated cinnamon, the water in which the peppers stood, and the same

quantity of soup stock. Bring the whole to a boil and remove at once. The sauce will be a great deal better if the peppers are first toasted, but great care must be taken not to burn them.

TORTILLAS.

Corn meal, water, salt to taste. The meal should be made from ripe corn, which has been boiled in lye made from wood ashes, or a little lime, until the skins are loosened. It is then ground in a mortar or on a metate, a flat stone raised at one end, the grinding being done with a stone rolling pin. A very good substitute, however, is Indian meal. Mix the meal with hot water to a stiff paste, add a little salt, pat the paste into flat cakes, and bake on a griddle. Tortillas are seldom eaten alone being the basis for many of the other Spanish dishes, but they are very nice eaten in place of our hot cakes, with butter, honey, maple syrup, etc.

FRIJOLES.

Boil brown beans until thoroughly done, usually about five hours, then mash thoroughly with a potato masher. Stir a little chopped onion and two or three pepper pods into some boiling olive oil, or lard. Strain off the oil, or lard, and put it into a frying pan. When boiling, pour in the mashed beans, and fry until the oil is entirely absorbed by the beans, and they are quite dry. Serve on tortillas.

CHILES CON GUIZO.

Brown some green peppers on top of the stove, or on a hot pan. Peel them, and take out the seeds and veins, unless you prefer them very hot. Stuff with cooked meat, either pork or beef, chopped fine, with a little onion, powdered clove, and salt to taste. Boil in a batter of egg and flour, or cracker crumbs, and fry in boiling olive oil, or lard. Serve with tomato sauce or brown flour sauce.

❧Famine Facts❧



IT may be interesting to Americans to become acquainted with the manner in which the generous gifts of food and grain which were sent from the United States to the starving natives of India during the last famine in that country were distributed. The men who had the handling of the grain for distribution were the native magistrates and deputy magistrates of the subordinate Indian Civil Service. It is hardly necessary to say that the deserving poor received very little if any of the bountiful supply of food which reached India from all parts of the world, without paying for it in some manner, sooner or later.

In the first place, the native magistrates and the subordinate native officials are always of high caste, either Brahmins or Kachetrias, and the starving poor are certainly of the lowest castes. Among the victims of the famine were found, no doubt, a considerable number of Mahommedans, who, from long association with their Hindoo brethren, have become as much imbued with the caste system as the Hindoos themselves.

The native dispensers of justice, by virtue of their position, stand at the head of the community of the district to which they are posted, and are the recipients of the most idolatrous adulations of the low caste people. These magistrates, being of high caste, naturally never make any friendships among the low caste people, but invariably have a number of high caste relations, dependents and hangers-on living about them, and, *mirabile dictu*, the village "Kyah," or money lender, is generally very much in evidence on the verandah of the "Dipty Sahib's" (as the natives call the deputy magistrates) bungalow and in the precincts of the "Kutcherri," or district courthouse.

Now, the "Kyah" is also the principal grain merchant of the Indian village, besides being the "avuncular relative" of the numerous poor husbandmen employed by the local zemindars

or farmers. These men, like their fathers before them, are never out of the "K yah's" debt, and for every rupee they can induce him to lend them, it is safe to say that they will eventually pay back fifty. It is no uncommon thing to find that a native ryot, or cultivator, having borrowed, say, one hundred rupees for his marriage feast, has by the time of his death paid the Kyah some three or four thousand rupees, besides leaving a large legacy of debt to his widow and sons, who in turn have to slave all their lives to satisfy the insatiable greed of the Kyah. In fact, the Kyah is a human vampire, taking advantage of the poverty and ignorance of the ryot or cultivator class, keeping them poor and needy all their lives, and a burden to the government of their country.

The Kyah, therefore, as the wealthiest and most influential member of the village community, comes more in personal contact with the native magistrate than any other inhabitant of the place, and there can be no doubt that he is consulted by the magistrate on all the affairs of village government, and when consignments of grain are forwarded to the native magistrate for distribution to the wretched victims of the famine, the Kyah will certainly be consulted as to its distribution, at this consultation, the high-caste relatives and dependents of the "Dipty Sahib" will also have a hearing, and they will bring to the notice of the magistrate the names of men of their own caste, who are poor, but not really in want, to whom it is a duty, religious and social, to send a few maunds of wheat or rice. This proposition will be acceded to by the "Dipty Sahib," who, as a high-caste man and a Brahmin, dares not offend the high-caste men of his district. This is the thin end of the wedge. The Kyah then will suggest that the magistrate shall have all the applicants for relief brought to the "Dipty's" bungalow or the Kutcherri. Now the fat, oleaginous "Dipty Sahib," who is invariably a Bengali babu, loves nothing better (save gold mohurs) than the dolce far niente; and the suggestion of the Kyah conjures up in his mind horrible visions of a horde of "cho ta jat," or low caste pariahs invading the sacred privacy of his bungalow, defiling the steps

of his dwelling, and doing away with his five or six hours of luxurious lounging on his verandah among innumerable cushions, placidly watching the blue wreaths of smoke from his fragrant hubble-bubble, or hookah, curling and floating away to ward the brilliant noonday sky. The "Dipty Sahib" views with horror this impending calamity, and very promptly gives orders to have the chief clerk of his Kutcherri brought into his presence.

With a lordly air, and much unnecessary gesticulation he admonishes the clerk that the grain will only be distributed to the poor creatures who hold orders for the small portions to be doled out to them, the said orders to have the signature of his lordship, the "Dipty Sahib," upon their face. Here is the Kyah's opportunity, of which he is not slow to take advantage. He promptly makes a visit to the chief clerk's dwelling, and with many expressions of good will and friendship, he proceeds to squat upon the verandah. After a minute or so of mutual salaaming, the Kyah suggests to his "bhai," or brother, the chief clerk, that a few whiffs from the fragrant hookah would not be out of place on such a warm day. The clerk acquiesces in this proposition and summons his servant to prepare a hookah, and perchance bring some "parn," or betel-nut with which to regale his visitor.

With Oriental subtlety, the Kyah does not go straight to the subject of his visit but begins to talk about the weather and other kindred subjects until at last, seeing upon the countenance of his host a look of extreme expectation, he begins to expatiate to his "bhai," or brother, (this word "bhai" being simply an expression of great friendship) on the numerous shortcomings of one Bhugwan Dass, who is a small holder of land, and is not in the Kyah's debt, but who is really starving with his family in his small bamboo hut, a few rods from the Kyah's dwelling, and whose land the Kyah would willingly acquire for himself.

Up to date Bhugwan Dass has resolutely refused to accept financial aid from the Kyah, knowing full well that if he gets into the vampires clutches it can only be a matter of a very short time when the land which he owns will become the property of

the Kyah. He, Bhugwan Dass, has preferred to subsist on roots, the pith of the bannana tree and wild berries, sooner than become the Kyah's debtor, and this is a very sore thorn in the side of the money-lender, who, for the purpose of future profit, or may be for the sake of making his zemindari, or estate of agricultural land, of a symmetrical form, earnestly desires to become the proprietor of Bhugwan Dass' land.

The Kyah now remarks to the clerk that Bhugwan Dass must have money buried in his hut; how else, says he, could he subsist in these days of short crops and famine? And if he really has money buried, what a wretch is he not to dig it up and give relief to his starving wife and children? Surely no grain should be given to such a man as that. And how many others, says the Kyah, are like unto Bhugwan Dass?

The clerk then has his say upon the matter, his remarks being simply a reiteration of those of the Kyah. The clerk then incidentally remarks that Bhugwan Dass (who is a low-caste man) had a jackal for a mother, a pig for a father, and is without caste, beauty, or honor.

Having propitiated his brother the Kyah in respect to Bhugwan Dass, the clerk continues his conversation and says that he knows many others who are like unto Bhugwan Dass, and that he does not think grain should be distributed indiscriminately to such men as he has named. "Would it not be better," says he, "to draw up a list of deserving poor and submit the orders for the grain for them to his honor the "Dipty Sahib?" And, of course, who could know better who really are the deserving poor than his brother, the Kyah, and himself?

The Kyah, with salaams to the clerk for the conception of a very worthy project, surmises that the poor people would not like his brother and himself to take all this trouble for them without some slight remuneration, and suggests that they intimate to the deserving poor that they can obtain orders for grain by calling upon the money lender or the clerk. The poor, credulous creatures, suffering the pangs of starvation in all their horrible forms, are only too glad to avail themselves of this opportunity and pay the requisite visits. Once arrived at the

house of the Kyah or clerk, they are inveigled into putting their crude signatures to a piece of paper, perhaps mortgaging their small holdings to the money-lender, perhaps giving a note of hand to the clerk, both deeds carrying enormous interest, to be paid when better times arrive.

Ignorant of all forms of law, absolutely reckless of future consequences if they can only relieve their present distress, these poor, hard-working, home-loving people, have perhaps assigned away their birthright, and most certainly have laid up for themselves a store of future misery which no court of law in the country can relieve them of.

The "Dipty Sahib" has a large number of papers put before him daily for signature, and rarely glances at the unimportant documents which are placed before him for that purpose; so that when the orders for grain are placed before him, he is only too glad to get through with the business of signing them, and makes no inquiries as to whom the orders are in favor of.

When the grain is all distributed the magistrate draws up a long report to the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, stating that he has distributed the grain to the most deserving cases of distress, and that the people of his district are in a slightly better condition than before the arrival of the grain. Thus ends the horrible farce of the distribution of food stuffs to the starving natives of India.

There are far too few European administrative officers in the different provinces of India, and it would be impossible for them to leave their posts to superintend the distribution of grain in the afflicted districts; consequently the Government of India is obliged to delegate this duty to the subordinate officers of the judicial department, with what result is shown in the foregoing.



Bread Baking by Gas



Bread in the oven of a gas range will bake brown evenly, top and bottom, the loaves will be twenty-five per cent larger than if baked in a coal range, and will always be found light, porous and wholesome.

BREAD BAKING.

Heat oven ten minutes. After putting bread in, turn gas down low, in most instances one burner being sufficient. Ordinary baking time, one hour.

BISCUITS.

Allow oven to get very hot before putting biscuits in, then turn down gas a trifle. Biscuits should bake in from 12 to 15 minutes.

BROWN BREAD.

Two cups Indian meal, two cups graham meal, one cup flour, one cup molasses, one teaspoon soda, a little salt. Pour hot water over the meal to scald it, then add the molasses, then the flour with the salt and soda sifted in it. Steam four hours and a half.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

Three cups of corn meal, one cup flour, three cups of sweet milk, one cup sour milk, half cup molasses, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of salt. Steam three hours.

BUTTER BISCUIT.

One quart of flour, half cup lard, three teaspoons baking powder. Mix quite soft, bake on griddle slowly, say about fifteen minutes; do not grease the griddle.

WAFER BISCUITS.

Rub a teaspoonful of butter into a pint of sifted flour, add a little salt, and with the white of an egg, and a little warm milk, mix into a smooth, stiff paste. Beat with a rolling pin for a half hour, the longer the better; form into little, round balls (size of a pigeon egg), and roll very thin. Sprinkle on the pans a little flour, and bake with care in a hot oven. These may be made with oat meal or different grains.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS.

One quart flour, two tablespoons baking powder, two heaping teaspoonfuls of lard, half a teaspoonful of salt, about one pint of milk, or enough to make a soft dough. Mix the lard well through the flour, into which has been sifted the baking powder and salt; then add the milk, and have the dough just as soft as you can handle it, flour the pastry board, and roll about a half-inch thick, cut with a round tin, and bake in a hot oven.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS.

Two cups flour, one egg, one cup milk, two even teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoonful sugar, one tablespoon butter. Put the butter in the oven until it melts, then add to the flour, with the milk and sugar; sift the baking powder with the flour. After it is all well mixed beat for ten minutes, then put in gem tins and bake in a hot oven. In a gas range, it should not take them over ten minutes to bake.

PERFECT ROLLS.

One quart flour, half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoonful lard, three-quarters pint milk, or water. Sift together, flour, salt, and powder, rub in the lard, add the milk, and mix into a smooth dough, so as to be easily handled without sticking. Flour the board, turn out the dough and give it a quick knead or two to equalize it; then roll it out with a rolling pin to the thickness of half an inch; cut it out with a large, round cutter, fold one-half over on the other by doubling it; grease where it folds over; lay them on a greased baking sheet without touching; wash them over with a little milk to glaze them. Heat the oven for ten minutes before putting the rolls in, and leave the heat on nearly full.

SALT-RISING BREAD.

1. Take newly-ground middlings; put six heaping teaspoonfuls of it into a coffee-cup; add one teaspoonful of sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, one-half saltspoonful of soda; mix thoroughly, pour boiling water into the mixture, stirring it well together until it will nearly fill the cup; remove the spoon; cover the cup of dough; set where it will keep warm, not scald; set it Friday morning, and it will be light for Saturday's baking; if in a hurry, set in a dish of warm water. Now put into the bread-pan flour enough for bread; add salt; take one quart of boiling water for three loaves, and turn into the middle of your flour, stirring it slowly; put enough cold water or milk until you can bear your finger in it; then add middlings; stir in well; cover with some of the flour, and set in a warm place. When light enough mix soft into loaves, grease bread-pans, also the top of the loaves, which makes a tender upper crust; cut gashes quite deep across, and they will rise evenly; set on the gas stove, with very low flame and when light enough bake three-quarters of an hour. 2. In the morning take a quart dish and scald it out; put in a pint of warm water and a teaspoonful of salt; stir flour enough in to make a thick batter; set the dish in a kettle of

warm water, and where it will keep of the same temperature, a little more than blood-warm. If the flour is good it will be at the top of the dish in two hours; then put flour enough into a pan to make three loaves of bread; make a hole in the middle; put in the yeast, and a quart of warm water; stir it p thick with a spoon, cover it up with flour, and set it to rise. When light mold into loaves. and set it in a warm place to rise again. When light enough, bake three-quarters of an hour.

ROLLS.

Mix one quart of flour quite soft with warm milk and one-half cup of yeast; mix in the morning and set to rise until noon; then break into it two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, and a teaspoonful of salt; mix up well together with hands, and set to rise again until about an hour before tea. Then knead a little, and cutting off a piece about the size of a common biscuit, roll out to the size of a saucer, spread thinly with butter and turn over. After they are molded let them stand until light enough, and bake in a very quick oven, with full flame on the gas stove.

BREAKFAST PUFFS.

One pint of milk, one pint of flour, two eggs, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and a pinch of salt; put the flour after sifting into a pan, and the butter in the middle of the flour, break in the eggs; work the butter and eggs thoroughly into the flour, then gradually add the milk until you have a smooth batter. Bake them in French roll pans. They take but a few minutes to bake.



Among the Dacoits



M ANDALAY, the capital of King Theebaw of Burmah, was occupied by the British and Indian troops on the 27th of November, 1885. Theebaw surrendered as a State prisoner to General Prendergast and was shortly afterward sent on to Madras. That arch-fiend and schemer, Soofayah-Lat, Theebaw's wife, accompanied her husband in his exile, no doubt to his intense disgust, after having been cunning enough to parcel out most of the very valuable crown jewels among her relatives. These were nearly all recovered by Mr. Bernard, who was made commissioner of Upper Burmah, and are now to be seen in the jewel room at the Tower of London. At this time the whole of Upper Burmah was in an intensely lawless condition, no man's life being safe from the wandering bands of dacoits or banditti. The bohs, or chiefs, of the different tribes levied blackmail on all the villages in their district, and on a refusal to pay generally razed the village to the ground and put to death most of the inhabitants. So terror-stricken were the people, they sent their head men to place the matter before the English General, and he decided that as the country had been annexed it was time to attempt its pacification; so on the 8th of December we were ordered to resume our march to the north.

On the 4th of January, 1886, we entered the town of Bhamo, the most northerly town of any consequence on the Irrawaddy, but not until twenty-seven of our poor fellows had been sent to the land of spirits. There were plenty of half-breed Chinese, Shans, Kashins and other ruffians gathered together in the town, and altogether they made a pretty good fight of it. But they could not stand the big rockets being fired through their stockades, and when a shell went screaming over their heads they bolted for dear life. When the native troops charged through the breach which had been made in the stockade the Burmans

stood their ground, even the women, and these last inflicted many an ugly wound on our men, as they were busily engaged giving the coup de grace to an adversary.

At last, however, it was all over, and the head men of the town begged for an audience with the senior officer in command, in the hope of being able to make terms. The only terms were, of course, the absolute submission of the Burmese army and the complete surrender of the town, with all of its adjacent fortifications. This they at last agreed to, as they were powerless to avoid it, but they did not do so with a good grace. For some days afterward there were constant little emeutes at night time, and we lost a considerable number of men in suppressing these outbreaks. Our sentries were brought in, night after night, having been stabbed in the back or decapitated by the enemy, until at last four sentries were posted together to prevent this happening. Such heavy guard duty told severely on the troops, and the dreaded enteric fever began to make its appearance among them with appalling frequency. Deaths from this awful scourge were of daily occurrence, and at last, as chief medical officer in charge, I decided to move nine of my convalescent cases to the town of Shweego Myo, about thirty miles from Bhamo, trusting that the hill climate would hasten their recovery.

We started on a Saturday morning—how well do I recollect it—as the sun was rising and casting his beams on the gilded spires of the pagodas and monasteries. As we passed down to the wharf we met a long file of phoongyees, or Buddhist monks who had been to the river to perform their matutinal ablutions. Their curses were both loud and deep, as they no doubt did not know that I understood their language. At heart they were all dacoits, and so far as their appearance went they would have done credit to any rogues' gallery in the world. As we embarked on one of the big country boats I heard their abbott consign us to the tender mercies of the great Ye oh Nat—one of the terrible spirit powers or ogres whom they worship. Looking back on it all, I am half inclined to believe that the

Nat did hear the abbott's prayer, for it was not long before he began to look after us in his own peculiar way.

We dropped anchor in the stream on Saturday night, intending to reach Shweego Myo by 11 o'clock on Sunday morning. It was the old, old story. Man proposed—but the Nat disposed of us this time. We got under way at about 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, and were about six miles from our destination when, as we rounded a small promontory which jutted out into the river, we were covered by about 100 Burmese rifles and promptly ordered to come ashore. This I at first refused to do, and it was not until two of our boatmen had been shot dead and I saw a big boat full of Burmese soldiery shoot out from the other side of the promontory that I gave the helmsman the order to steer the boat inshore. When we arrived within talking distance of the shore, a boh, or chief, of the Burmese dacoits, came down to the water's edge and asked me who I was and who gave me permission to bring white devils down the river in a boat. I tried to parley with him, but it was of no use. We were ordered to come ashore as quickly as possible if we did not wish to be shot to pieces in the boat. Many a time during the day did I wish that I had chosen the boh's alternative, both on my own account and on account of the sick men of whom I had charge.

The boat drew too much water to come close to the shore, so I was obliged to jump into the water and wade ashore to interview the boh. I exhausted all my powers of persuasion in trying to induce him to allow the sick men to remain in the boat, but it was to no purpose. Some Burmans waded into the river, boarded the boat and dragged the sick men ashore, and were by no means gentle in the dragging process. At last they were all ashore and the Burmans crowded round us like flies round a honey pot, some of them demanding the men's accoutrements, others clamoring for their clothes. The boh at once relieved me of my sword and revolver and strutted about with them, thinking himself a field marshal at the very least. All this time I was on tender hooks as to what our fate was to be. The men, sick as they were,

seemed to have no idea of what was in store for them and kept up a pantomime of gesticulation with the Burmans. I knew that we would not be allowed to escape scot free, even if we delivered up all the arms and stores we had with us, but thought that we would probably be kept as hostages for some of the chiefs in the hands of the British. We were certainly detained—but not as hostages.

The boh and the head men now drew away to some distance from their men and appeared to be holding a council among themselves as to what was to be done with their prisoners. This council lasted about half an hour, and at the end of that time two men advanced toward me and ordered me to strip. Most unwillingly I divested myself of coat and vest, but this did not satisfy them, and I had to give them every article of clothing which I was wearing. Some more men then came up and fastened my hands and arms behind my back with rawhide ropes, and then dragged me up to the place where the boh was squatting on the ground. He then informed me that he had decided to make an example of the prisoners and myself—an example which he hoped would be an example to any and all other Englishmen who came prowling about the country where the illustrious boh was chief. The men then escorted me to a very fine betelnut palm, at the foot of which was a log of wood. Upon this log I was ordered to stand. During all this performance I had earnestly endeavored to appear as calm and collected as possible, for I did not think it probable that with our troops only thirty miles distant the boh would dare to carry out any sinister designs he might have against our safety. But when I was told to stand up on the block of wood I must confess I had severe qualms about the boh's good intentions.

I stood up, as ordered, and immediately a rope was thrown round my body and another round my legs, and I was tied quite tightly to the tree. A Burman then approached me, holding some iron nails in one hand and a small mallet in the other. He immediately seized my right foot, and, placing the point of a nail in the center of it, proceeded with all the pleasure in the world to nail me down to the block I was standing on. This

done, he arose from his squatting posture and surveyed his handiwork with quite a critical eye. He evidently did not think that I was quite safely nailed, for again stooping down he selected a long, slender nail, and this time nailed me through the fleshy part of the ankle to the tree trunk. This appeared to satisfy him, for he left me and went off to report progress to the boh.

Although I was suffering most dreadful agony, I shall never forget the hopeless look of despair upon the faces of the sick men. Their hands and feet tied, they were utterly helpless to assist me or themselves, and with only the prospect of a horrible death before them they yet raised enough courage to shout to me: "Cheer up, sir; we'll soon be with you." They were with me, but not in the same punishment, for the boh had evidently had changed his mind about the nailing business, and his men were busy erecting triangles of bamboos. Across the tops of these triangles a large bamboo was fastened, and I imagined I saw preparations for crucifixion on a large scale. But I was mistaken.

The gentleman who had nailed me now came to unnailed me by drawing the nail out of the ankle and knocking off the block of wood from the bottom of the foot, still leaving the nail in the flesh. They then invited me to step across the bamboo arrangement they had fixed up. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the agony of that walk. I taunted them, their wives, sisters and mothers, in the hope that they would finish their work by a swift blow from a dah or a prod from a spear, but they only smiled. As I limped, hopped and stumbled across the rough earth, each movement giving me such agony that I was tempted to break down and make them carry me, they only smiled. They knew, and I did not, what was in store for us.

At last I was at the triangles, and they released my arms and hands. Now the nailing gentleman was standing very near me, and I was suffering, and in a moment of agony I treated him to a good stiff punch square between the eyes. The next instant I regretted it, for I received a crashing blow on the side of the head (whether it was a right or left "hook" which did it I have

never been able to discover), and the nail, which was still sticking out a few inches underneath my foot, caught in the ground and I went down—and was kept down. My arms and hands were again tied, this time in front of me, and seizing my thumbs, the brutes began tying them together with deer sinews. Into these sinews, between the thumbs, they inserted a piece of bamboo, which they twisted until the thongs cut into the flesh. They then tied a long rawhide rope to the sinews, and having lifted me on to my feet, the rope was thrown over the bamboo, which rested on top of the triangles, and I was drawn up until my big toes touched the ground. The other men were treated in like manner, and in fifteen minutes or so the whole ten of us were hanging by our thumbs to the bamboo. The time was now about 9 o'clock, and by 10:30 or 11 o'clock the sun had become almost unbearable. To make matters worse, the man hanging next to me had become delirious, and to have to listen to his ravings was almost worse than the punishment I was undergoing. At about 2 o'clock he died. Oh, the agony of it all! Hanging there by the thumbs, and feeling as if every nerve in your body was being drawn out by red-hot pincers, tongue and lips swollen and almost bursting from want of water, almost blind from the sun's terrible rays, and hideous, grinning Burmans taunting and laughing at you. Could any punishment be more terrible?

Before 4 o'clock two more men had died, and their heads had fallen backwards over their shoulders. Their glazed eyes, wide open, the swollen tongues hanging out from their mouths and the look of agony on their dead faces, almost drove the rest of us mad. Water, water, was the cry of all. But there is no mercy in a Burman. Once, and once only, did I think that we should receive a little mercy at their hands. Soon after the man hanging next to me had died, a stalwart Burman strode up in front of me, and swinging his dah round his head, he made as if he were going to cut me in halves. But it was only playfulness. He simply had a slash at the poor dead fellow and disemboweled him.

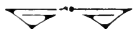
It was about 5 o'clock, as near as I could guess, when the

Burmans retired to some distance from us and began to cook their evening meal. They were enjoying it after their day's pleasure, when suddenly a volley rang out, followed by the peculiar rattling noise of a couple of Gatling guns, and many Burmans who had that day had their fun with us were sent to their account. A couple of loud cheers rang out, and a company of Ghoorkas and a detachment of the Somersetshires charged down upon the astonished Burmans. The nailing gentleman was making his way past the triangles at a very good pace, when he took it into his head to stop and give me a nasty poke with a spear. That sealed his fate, for a little Ghoorka was on him in an instant, and in another had severed the nailer's head from his body with the terrible Ghoorka kookri. Not many Burmese escaped that night, and I am afraid not a few were treated by the Ghoorkas to a little entertainment the very reverse of pleasant. Of course, we were very promptly cut down, and everything that could be done to ease our pain was done. The nailing gentleman's head was placed upon a stick, which was stuck in the ground outside the door of my tent by the Ghoorka whose trophy it was. It was there until it became unbearably unpleasant, and then it was buried in an ant hill, where those industrious insects cleaned it thoroughly. The skull afterwards ornamented my study in Rangoon.

Our rescue was a matter of luck. Spies had proceeded to Bhamo two or three days before and had informed the commanding officer that there was a band of marauding soldiers in the Shweego Myo district, and the troops who rescued us had been dispatched to attend to the band who had attended to us. One of the officers of the force had seen us hanging up through his field glasses, and had made a detour with his men and had attacked the enemy on both flanks and in the rear, and most certainly made a very good job of it.

After all, annexing countries like Upper Burmah is not all beer and skittles, is it?

❧ Sweetmeats ❧



PENOCHI.

Four cups brown sugar, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoon vanilla, two cups walnuts, cut in small pieces, butter size of a walnut. Boil all together in a frying pan for fifteen minutes, then add butter, vanilla and nuts, let all come to a boil for two minutes then remove from the fire and pour on buttered dishes, when cold or hard cut in squares with a sharp knife.

EVERTON TAFFY.

One and one-half lb. brown sugar, three oz. butter, one and one-half cups cold water. Boil all together with rind of one lemon adding the juice when done.

SUGAR CANDY.

Six cups of sugar, one cup of vinegar, one cup of water, tablespoonful of butter, put in at the last, with one teaspoonful saleratus dissolved in hot water. Boil without stirring, half an hour, or until it crisps in cold water. Pull white with the tips of your fingers.

CREAM CANDY.

Two cups of sugar, half cup of water, one tablespoon vinegar. Boil all together until it ropes when dropped from the spoon. Just before removing from the fire add one teaspoon cream tarter, one teaspoon vanilla, butter size of a walnut. Pull white with the tips of your fingers.

MOLASSES CANDY.

One pint good molasses, quarter cup of vinegar, half cup of sugar, butter the size of a walnut, half teaspoonful soda. Dissolve the sugar in the vinegar, mix with the molasses, and boil stirring frequently, until it hardens when dropped from the spoon into cold water; then stir in the butter and soda, the latter dissolved in hot water. Flavor to your taste, give one hard final stir, and pour into buttered dishes. As it cools, cut into squares for "taffy," or, while soft enough to handle, pull into white sticks, using only the buttered tips of your fingers for that purpose.

SUGAR CARAMELS.

Two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of milk, quarter pound of chocolate. Boil in a frying pan for eleven minutes. Then add butter the size of an egg, and boil four minutes longer. Take from the stove, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and stir until it begins to harden, then pour into buttered pans to harden. Cut with sharp knife into squares when cold or hard.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

Half pound of bakers' chocolate, two cups brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk. Boil all together until it hardens when dropped in cold water. Just before removing from the fire add half teaspoonful of soda, piece of butter the size of a walnut and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour on buttered pans and when nearly cold or hard cut in squares with a sharp knife.



A Prison in Paradise ❀❀❀



THE Andamans are a group of thickly wooded islands toward the east side of the Bay of Bengal, about 680 miles south of the Hooghly mouth of the Ganges. The islands consist of two groups—the Great and Little Andamans, and are surrounded by many smaller islands. The Great Andaman group is more than 150 miles long and 20 miles broad, and comprises four islands—the North, Middle and South Andaman and Rutland island. The Little Andaman, which lies about thirty miles south of the larger group, is twenty-eight miles long by seventeen miles broad. This is sufficient explanation of the geographical position of the Andaman islands.

It was the time of the northeast monsoon when we left Calcutta in the convict ship *Maharanee*. Our destination was Port Blair, the penal settlement on Chatham Island, or, as it is now called, the South Andaman, and although it is one of the loveliest islands in the world, few, very few, other than officials and convicts ever set foot on its shores.

On a Wednesday morning we had taken our last convict on board at Garden Reach, Calcutta, and we steamed down the river Hooghly to Saugor Island, where the heavy monsoon swell was more than perceptible. Our cargo of 380 convicts, on feeling the ship roll about in the rough sea, began a dirgelike wail, which only ceased as the wailers became prostrate with *mal de mer*. Despite the bad weather, we made Rangoon, the principal seaport of Burma, on the following Saturday, and after taking on board some 200 more convicts we made our way down the Irrawaddy and out into the Bay of Bengal, and on Tuesday afternoon dropped anchor in one of the finest harbors in the world, that of Port Blair, and proceeded at once to unload our cargo.

And what a strangely mixed cargo it was! Here were Path-

ans from Delhi rubbing shoulders with the burly natives of the Shan States in Burma; Coringlies from Southern India looking askance at small wiry Ghoorkas from Nepaul; delicate looking Mohammedan women from Southern Bengal standing near a group of Thibetan women whose gigantic proportions were in strong contrast to those of the graceful Bengal beebees. Murderous Manipuris, Sonthals and Nagas were chained to sleek and cunning Hindoos, and all seemed to be cowed and utterly without hope. Occasionally a stifled sob would be heard and a plaintive cry of "La Allah, Kureem!" (Oh, God, have mercy!) from one of the Mussulman women would disturb the silence of the 'tween decks, but otherwise there was no sound save the monotonous clinking of the chains and fetters, which were worn by all male convicts.

We had no sooner anchored when the prison launch came off, towing four great barges astern. The male prisoners were escorted into the barges by burly Sikh warders, and, after being securely fastened by chains to the ringbolts in the decks of the boats, a signal was given and they were at once taken ashore to the receiving prison. The women convicts were rowed ashore in the ship's lifeboats, some of them sobbing as if their hearts were breaking; others making no moan, but gazing back at the ship with a pathetic, yearning look upon their faces, as if they even dreaded to see the last of the vessel that had brought them so far from the homes they would never see again. But when they turn their eyes shoreward, surely even they must feel a momentary sense of satisfaction at having been sent to such a lovely spot—a veritable Garden of Eden—to serve out the sentence which the law had imposed upon them for the crimes they have committed.

The sun is setting and throws his myriad beams of color over the white and cream-colored bungalows of the settlement as the small, busily puffing ship's launch takes us ashore. Not a ripple is on the water, and the view strikes one as being a scene in fairyland. White bungalows covered with masses of tropical flowers; green, velvety lawns reaching down to the water's edge; stately palms and giant bamboos towering in the background;

the dying sun shedding a quivering amethyst haze over the scene—this was the view we had of Port Blair as we landed at the little Government pier.

We are not allowed to dream over the beauty of the scene, however. A soldierly looking Sikh orderly steps up, and after profoundly salaaming, informs us that he had been sent by the Governor of the islands, Major Temple, to see that our baggage was sent up to the bungalow at once.

“Had he not brought coolies to do the will of his father, the Governor? The sahibs were also his father and his mother, for he, too, was a servant of the great Sirkar?” and with sundry curses he admonishes the coolies (who, he tells us, are tobacco-drinking jackals and the sons of burnt fathers) to carry the baggage carefully if they do not wish to feel the weight of his rat-tan on their bare shoulders.

The little pier is now quite crowded with officials and their wives and daughters, who are anxious to receive their mail. Two months is a long time to wait to hear from relatives and friends who are only a few hundred miles distant from you, and, consequently, mail day at Port Blair is looked forward to by everybody with a considerable amount of eagerness. The Governor has considerately sent down chairs, in which we can sit and be carried up to our quarters. There are four men to carry each chair, and they are all life-term convicts. Each man has an iron ring riveted round his neck, and attached to this ring is a metal tag on which is engraved the convict's number, the date on which he was convicted and the term of his sentence. These men appear extremely healthy and by no means uncomfortable, as they are well fed, well housed, and are by no means overworked.

We decline the ride up to the bungalow, as we prefer to walk through the crowd of officers and officials, many of whom we have known when they were stationed in India. They have many a joke at our expense, some of them asking us the terms of our sentence; others inquiring how soon it will be convenient for us to receive the attentions of the prison armorer, whose duty it is to rivet the iron rings round the convicts' necks. With

many a laugh and jest we stroll along the lovely avenues of eucalyptus trees until we reach the bungalow of the Lat Sabib, or High Commissioner of the Andaman Islands, Major Temple.

The Major was there to receive us, and our reception was all that could be desired, for is not the Major an old Anglo-Indian, and what is more characteristic of an Anglo-Indian than courtesy and hospitality? After a tub we light one of the Major's cheroots and stroll about the magnificent grounds surrounding the bungalow until the gong sounds for dinner. And what a dinner it was! Fresh turtle and delicious fish caught by the Mincopies and Andamanese, game of every description, fiery curries and fruit from the Garden of Eden itself.

During the dinner we ply the Major with innumerable questions about the islands, the convicts, the aboriginees, etc., until he is obliged to call a halt, saying that he will answer all questions about his "shop" on the morrow. To-night we will eat, drink and be merry. And we did—and were.

After a rather sleepless night, owing to the savage onslaught of millions of mosquitos, which, despite mosquito curtains and eucalyptus oil, found their way into bed, we rose early and prepared for a long day's sightseeing, for our amiable host had promised to be our guide on this day, at any rate. We had finished breakfast and had embarked on the launch before we had thought to ask our guide whither he was taking us. To this query he replied that he had received information that a camp of Mincopies, as the aboriginees are called, were squatting at a small cove about twenty miles along the coast, and as this camp was composed of about fifty men and women of the most warlike and barbarous tribe on the islands, it would be a good opportunity for us to see Mincopies in their savage state. We had steamed along the coast for about two hours without seeing a solitary sign of human life or habitation, when we rounded a small promontory and came upon a camp of natives. The camp consisted of holes dug in the ground to a depth of about eighteen inches. Over the tops of these holes leaves and branches of trees were spread and made some sort of rude shelter from the heavy dew which falls there at night. Not a native was to

be seen, however, until the steam whistle of the launch let out an unearthly shriek. Then we could see the little fellows crawling out of the pits, all the men being armed with a bow about five and a half feet long. We all got into the boat and were rowed ashore to see what a Mincopie looked like.

Not a man or woman among them was over four feet six inches in height. Their bodies were covered with a thick, yellow mud, made from turtle oil and clay, and their faces were decorated with red paint, made from a ferruginous red earth which is found on the island. They plaster their bodies with mud for two reasons—first to protect themselves against the vicious insects which abound in the jungles, and second, because they believe that by so doing they will ward off the severe malaria which is so prevalent there. The men had no hair on their faces, and both men and women were utterly destitute of eyelashes. With both sexes all the hair on the head is shaven off with the exception of a narrow strip from crown to nape, and even this is kept cut quite close. Their arms reach down to their knees. they have a slight stoop when they walk, and as both men and women were stark naked, they presented an appearance disgustingly simian. Settled homes they have none. They wander about from island to island, subsisting on fish, wild fruits, grubs, worms and clay. They have enormous appetites, and both men and women will easily consume about eight pounds of fish or grubs at one sitting and then soon be ready for more. They do not spin or cultivate any kind of corn, and monogamy seems to be the rule with them, with this exception—that if a woman loses her husband she immediately becomes the wife of her husband's father.

One peculiar custom they have—a custom unknown among any savage races of to-day. If an adult dies he is sometimes sold to another tribe for food, but more often he is buried, and his tribe then migrate about twenty miles from the place of his death for about two months. Some months later, when the bones are dry, they are disinterred by his relatives and carried about for some time, the period being determined by his posi-

tion in the tribe. These ape-like people have no religion, and are not afraid of anything, human or supernatural.

The Mincopies only approach the settlements when their numbers are being decimated by disease, malaria being the principal cause of death among them. They have learned to appreciate highly the quinine of the white man, but that is about the only drug they will take, seeming to like the intensely bitter taste it creates. The malarious influence of newly cleared jungles seem to affect them much more violently than it does Europeans, for they are mostly an unhealthy race of people, not one of them ever reaching the age of forty.

To what races of people do they belong? They have been called by some writers "Oriental Negroes," but their hair, although close and woolly, is utterly unlike the hair of the Africans; they have not the thick, protruding lips of negroes, nor have they the same formation of the skull. Other writers again affirm that the Mincopies are descendants of cargoes of African slaves which were wrecked on the Andaman islands, but when it is known that races of somewhat like character are found in the mountains of the Malay peninsula and are there called "Semangs," and also in the islands of the Philippine group, where they are termed "Ajitas," it is difficult to believe that they are in any way allied to the African negro. Their history has yet to be written, and as the natives themselves know nothing about their forefathers and have not preserved any history even in legendary form, it is safe to say that the future history will have to be purely hypothetical.

Their weapons are beautifully primitive. The bows they use are made of a peculiar kind of redwood indigenous to the islands—the strings being long strips of bamboo. The arrowheads are made of fish bones or flint, and the arrows themselves are unfeathered, that is, so far as feathers are concerned, but they cut two small slits in the butt of the arrow, into which they insert pieces of dried bamboo leaf. Every man carries a short, heavy spear with a flint head, and they are singularly dextrous in the use of their primitive weapons. They are all cannibals, although they strenuously deny this when spoken to about it, but some

few years since some English soldiers who were out boating were blown on to one of the smaller islands, and the search party which was sent out to find them came on to their bones, picked beautifully clean, and their heads were still cooking in the embers.

We made our way back to the launch, pondering deeply on the vagaries enjoyed by nature in fashioning her children. The little steamer began to puff and shriek to the great consternation of the pigmy Mincopies, who stood on the beach watching our departure. We had seen enough of savages for one day.

The next point of interest we visited was Viper Island. This was the island on which the penal settlement was first established in 1858. Here were sent mutinous Sipahis, thugs and desperadoes from all over India, and it was here that Lord Mayo, the Viceroy of India, met his death at the hands of a fanatical Pathan in 1872.

The island rises sheer out of the water to a height of 300 feet on three sides, and on the east side it has a precipitous descent into the water of about 100 feet. This island is the home of 800 of the most desperate convicts in the world. Murderers, mutineers, thugs are all congregated here, and will never leave the place until they die. This is the punishment prison to which ill-behaved convicts are sent from the prison at Port Blair. The discipline here is terribly severe, as it needs to be to keep in subjection such a hard crowd. Escape is impossible, as the island is guarded by white troops, and there is only one boat of any sort allowed near the place, and that is an armed Government cutter.

We were glad to leave Viper Island, with its murderous inhabitants and make our way back to Port Blair. The largest prison in the world is at Port Blair. It can accommodate 15,000 prisoners, and is nearly always filled to overflowing. But the Government certainly treats the prisoners well. If a man has a long sentence to serve, and behaves himself for the first four years, he is released on parole, land is given to him to cultivate, farming implements and stock are supplied to him at cost price, and he has a chance which not a few take advantage of to be-

come a respectable member of society once more. His sins are not remembered against him if he keeps straight, and in times of bad crops, etc., money is lent to him free of interest to tide over his difficulties. In fact, all the stores in Port Blair are owned entirely by convicts. The caste system has no place at the Andamans, as is proved by men who were Brahmins before conviction and transportation to Port Blair having married low-caste women who have also been released on parole.

The prisoners who were in the prison workshops making baskets, jute bags, boots, etc., seemed quite a happy, contented crew. Why should they not be? Your average Indian native is a philosopher in his own way, and as he gets two good meals a day, a good bed and one day's idleness every week, he would be an idiot not to make the best of things, for it is more than probable that he was never so well looked after before. Of course, if he does not behave himself well, there are the triangles before him, to which he will be inevitably tied and flogged if he gives reasonable cause for the same. He knows this, and consequently guides his conduct so as to avoid it.

After a pleasant stay of one week we went on board the *Maharanee* again to return to Calcutta, almost commiserating our fates in not being convicts so that we might remain in that veritable Garden of Eden, the Andaman islands.



RECIPES. ❁❁❁❁



Soups

GREEN PEA.

Two qts. veal or beef broth, one-half teaspoon sugar, one tablespoon butter, one qt. shelled peas. After broth boils put in peas, boil for twenty minutes. Add the sugar and little mint. Boil quarter of an hour longer, then stir in the butter with pepper and salt.

CELERY SOUP.

One shank of beef, one large bunch of celery, one cup of rich cream. Make a good broth of a shank of beef, skim off the fat and thicken the broth with a little flour mixed with water. Cut into small pieces one large bunch of celery, or two small, boiling them in the soup till tender. Add a cup of rich cream with pepper and salt.

OX-TAIL SOUP.

Chop the ox-tail into small pieces, with a tablespoonful of butter, and stir until brown, and then pour off the fat; add broth to taste, and boil with a medium flame until the pieces of tail are well cooked; season with pepper, salt and three or four tomatoes; boil fifteen minutes and then serve. This soup can be made with water, in which case, season with turnip, onions, carrot and parsley.

TOMATO SOUP.

One quart of tomatoes, one quart of milk, one pint of water; boil water and tomatoes together twenty minutes, then add the

milk and one teaspoonful of soda. Season as you would oyster soup, with butter, salt, and pepper. Rub through a colander into a tureen

VEAL BROTH.

Pick and wash a teacupful of rice, and put it into your dinner pot; cut up three or four small onions and add to the rice; next, add your meat, which should be cut into inch pieces; let the whole be covered with water from two to three inches above the meat. When it has boiled an hour, add a few small turnips and carrots sliced, with a tablespoonful of salt; a little before it is served stir in minced parsley. This is a favorite broth with many people. It is very nice without the carrots.

NOODLES SOUP.

Beat one egg light, add a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll out into a very thin sheet, dredge with flour to keep from sticking, then roll up tightly. Begin at one end and shave down fine like cabbage for slaw.

CHICKEN SOUP.

To the broth in which chickens have been boiled for salad, etc., add one onion and eight or ten tomatoes, season with pepper and salt; boil thirty minutes; stir in two well beaten eggs just before sending to the table.

POTATO SOUP.

Peel six large potatoes and four good-sized onions; cut up same, put just water enough to boil them in; when well done mash through colander; put back in the kettle with two quarts of good sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste; set on the fire again and let it boil up; then put in one and a half pints of canned oysters and serve. This is enough for fifteen persons.

EGG BALLS FOR SOUP.

Rub two hard-boiled yolks of eggs to powder; mix with the raw yolk of one egg and a little flour; roll to the size of a hazel nut.

TOMATO SOUP.

One can or quart of tomatoes, one pint of milk, one pint of boiling water, half-teaspoon salt, quarter teaspoon pepper, butter size of a walnut. Boil tomatoes soft, about half an hour; strain through a sieve, pouring water through to prevent waste; return to stove, let it come to a boil, stir in the soda, then the milk and seasoning; put the butter in when ready to serve.

TOMATO SOUP NO. 2.

One quart of tomatoes, one onion, two ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, two of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, three pints of water, one-half pint of milk. Boil the tomatoes and onion in water for three-quarters of an hour. Add salt, pepper, sugar, butter, and flour; rub smoothly together like thin cream. Boil ten minutes, separately. When both are boiling, pour the milk into the tomatoes, to prevent curdling.

POTATO SOUP.

Six boiled and mashed potatoes, one quart of milk, one-fourth pound of butter. Season to taste with pepper and salt. While mashing add the butter and pour in gradually the boiling milk. Stir well and strain through a sieve, heat once more. Beat up an egg, put in the tureen and pour it over the soup when ready to serve.

Fish

RULE FOR BOILING FISH.

Any fish weighing from four to six pounds should be put in boiling water enough to cover it, add one tablespoonful of salt; and boil for thirty-five minutes. After the fish has got to boiling, turn the gas down very low so as just to keep the fish boiling gently all the time it is over the fire.

LOBSTER SAUCE FOR BOILED FISH.

One lobster, four tablespoons of butter, quarter of a teaspoon of cayenne pepper, two tablespoons of lemon juice, one pint of boiling water, cut the lobster in small squares, pound the coral with one tablespoon of butter, make a drawn butter sauce with the rest of the butter and one tablespoonful of flour; then add the lobster and lemon juice and serve.

CREAMED LOBSTER.

One lobster, tablespoon of butter, pepper and salt to taste, Cut the lobster in small pieces, put a half cup of water on the stove and when this is hot add the lobster, butter and seasoning, just before serving stir in a little flour to thicken it. This will be found a very enjoyable breakfast dish.

OYSTER PATTIES.

Line small patty-pans with puff-paste, into each pan put six oysters, bits of butter, pepper, and salt, sprinkle over a little flour and hard boiled eggs, chopped (allowing about two eggs for six patties), cover with an upper crust; notch the edges and bake. Serve either in the pans or remove them to a large platter.

CODFISH BALLS.

Pick fine one quart bowl of codfish; let it simmer on the back of the stove for an hour; boil six good-sized potatoes, mash fine, and mix, while hot, with the fish thoroughly; season with pepper, salt and butter; add three eggs, well beaten, and drop in hot cottolene; serve in a napkin; lay the napkin on a platter, and the balls on the napkin to absorb the grease.

BAKED FISH.

Open the fish, wash, wipe perfectly dry, and rub over with salt; lay in a dripping pan with a little butter and water, and bake thirty minutes in a hot oven, with a full flame on the Gas Stove.

FISH STUFFING.

Take about half a pound of stale bread and soak in water, and when soft press out the water; add a very little chopped suet, pepper, salt, a large tablespoonful of onion minced and fried, and, if preferred, a little minced parsley; cook a trifle, and after removing from the fire add a beaten egg.

CODFISH ON TOAST.

Soak a cupful of shredded codfish in cold water for an hour; let it come to a boil, drain through a colander; turn into the skillet again with a little cold milk; season with butter and pepper, stir smooth a tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk; add, and let it boil for a moment; pour over buttered toast on a platter.

SPICED SHAD.

Split and rub with salt, and let it stand for three or four hours; put into a pot with boiling water to cover, adding a teaspoonful

of salt to every quart of water; boil twenty minutes, then drain; sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of allspice, and one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper; cover with cold vinegar.

SALMON STEAKS.

To Broil Salmon—The steaks from the center of the fish are the best; sprinkle with salt and pepper, spread on a little butter, and broil in medium hot oven.

BROILED SALMON.

Wash and dry slices of salmon, and half an hour before cooking sprinkle over them a little cayenne pepper, salt, lemon juice and salad oil; grease the gridiron with a piece of pork, and broil carefully; serve with any sauce suitable for fish.

CREAM BAKED TROUT.

Clean the trout, put in pepper and salt and close them. Place the fish in the pan, bake fifteen minutes, and cover with hot cream before serving.

CODFISH A LA MADRID.

Soak codfish from four to six hours in cold water, changing water occasionally. Cut in two-inch squares. Fry in sweet oil with two cloves, garlic and one small onion. Put in a can of tomatoes and stew slowly until fish is thoroughly cooked.

SALMON SAUTE.

Cut one and one-half pounds of salmon into pieces one inch square; put the pieces in a chafing-dish with half a cupful of water, a little salt, a little white pepper, one clove, one blade of mace, three pieces of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of mustard

mixed smoothly with half a teacupful of vinegar, one shalot; let this boil up once and add six tomatoes peeled and cut into tiny pieces, a few sprigs of parsley minced, and one wineglassful of sherry. Let all simmer gently for three quarters of an hour. Serve very hot and garnish with dry toast cut in triangular pieces. This dish is also very good cold for breakfast or luncheon.



Meats

RULES FOR BOILING MEATS.

All fresh meat should be cooked in boiling water, that the outer part may contract and the internal juices be preserved. For making soup, put on in cold water. Salt meat should be put on in cold water, that the salt may be extracted in cooking. In boiling meats, it is important to keep the water constantly boiling, otherwise the meat will absorb the water. This can be done by cooking by gas to better advantage than by using any other fuel, as the heat is perfectly even.

Salt meat should be put into cold water and boiled slowly.

ROASTING MEATS.

Light oven burners full for at least ten minutes before meat is put in. The burners should then be turned down to about one-half the heat; allow as a rule fifteen minutes to each pound of meat. In cases where gas pressure is heavy, one burner turned down is often sufficient. Where too much heat is used the meat is apt to scorch on top and not have a chance to cook through. When the oven is thoroughly heated and meat put in, very little gas is necessary to perfectly roast it. Meat should be placed about four inches below burners.

BROILING MEATS.

Heat the ovens ten minutes. Leave heat on full, and put steak or chops on pan rack and as close to burners as possible, care being taken that flame does not come in contact with it. In this way broiling may be done faultlessly. The heat closing the pores of the meat and thus allowing none of the juices to escape. Turn the meat on the first side just as soon as the pores are closed. Allow second side to brown, then turn and brown first side.

BEEF STEW.

Cut cold beef into small pieces, and put into cold water; add one tomato, a little onion, chopped fine, pepper and salt, and cook slowly; thicken with butter and flour browned and pour over toast.

A RAGOUT OF COLD VEAL.

Cut the veal into slices, put a large piece of butter into a frying-pan, and as soon as it is hot dredge the meat well with flour and fry a nice brown. Remove the meat and put into the pan as much cold gravy as you think proper, season with pepper and salt, and a wine-glass of tomato ketchup, then lay a few slices of cold ham in the gravy and add your slices of veal. It must be sent to the table hot.

IRISH STEW.

Cover mutton chops well with water; and let them come to a boil; pour this off and add more water; then a lump of butter the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teacupful of milk, season; potatoes, and two small onions. Boil until the potatoes are done.

BEEF HASH.

Chop fine cold steak or roast beef, and cook in a little water; add cream or milk, and thicken with flour; season to taste, and pour over thin slices of toast.

PIGEON COMPOTE.

Truss six pigeons as for broiling. Crumb a small loaf of bread, scrape one pound of fat bacon, chop thyme, parsley, an onion and lemon peel fine, and season with salt and pepper, mix it up with two eggs; put this force-meat into the craws of the pigeons, lard the breasts and fry brown; place them in a stew-pan with some beef stock and stew them three-quarters of an hour; thicken with a piece of butter rolled in flour. Serve with force-meat balls around the dish and strain the gravy over the pigeons.

VEAL PATTE.

Mince 3½ lbs. veal very fine; six butter crackers rolled fine; one tablespoon salt; one teaspoon black pepper; one-half teaspoon ground cloves; four oz. butter; two eggs. Mix well together; shape like a loaf of bread; lay on top a small piece of butter and grated bread; bake in gas oven two hours. While baking baste with water.

WASH DAY MEAT PIE.

This is original and very nice, made from cold veal and chicken left over from Sunday. Chop the veal, but not too fine; season with a little salt, pepper and nutmeg and the juice of one lemon; separate the chicken from the bones and chop it; season with half bunch finely-chopped celery, a piece of butter the size of an egg, cut in small pieces; have the chicken gravy hot; half dozen hard-boiled eggs, cold cut in quarters. For the crust: Two cups of flour, two tablespoons of cottolene, a

little salt, nearly a teaspoonful of baking powder and one egg enough milk to make a soft dough; line the sides of the pie-dish (it is to be sent to the table in the dish it is cooked in) with a crust, one-fourth inch thick, place the veal in the bottom of the dish; then a layer of the eggs, then the chopped chicken; pour the gravy over the pie, enough to make it quite moist; cover with a crust one-fourth inch thick; bake in a slow oven one-half hour.

KIDNEY STEW.

Remove fat from two beef kidneys, cut in dice shape; let stand in boiling water two minutes; then drain and dredge with flour; put tablespoonful of butter in frying pan and fry brown. Take half can tomatoes, season with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce, put in saucepan with kidneys and boil half hour. Serve upon squares of toast.

MUTTON STEW.

Take two pounds of good mutton of the rib, cut up in small pieces and stew with pepper, salt and one onion; when cooked tender make some dough of milk, baking powder, salt and flour; cut into small pieces and drop into the kettle with the mutton; let them cook just three seconds, lift out and put in a dish; make a hickening of flour and put in with the mutton. This makes a nice gravy to pour over the mutton and dumpling. Serve while hot.

PEPPER POT.

Boil two pounds of beef; when done take out the beef, cut in pieces as large as a walnut and place it in a dish; strain the liquor and pour it back. Cut up a pound of tripe the same as the meat, and three or four potatoes. Chop one large onion, add a little celery and parsley; chop together. When you have all in readiness, put everything in the pot except the meat. Season with salt and pepper; put in some chile peppers—small

ones. When thoroughly done, add small dumplings; then the meat. Serve hot.

LAMB CHOPS A LA PRINCESSE.

Broil the chops in the usual manner, and when partially cold d'p each one separately in some strong allemande sauce, flavored with mushrooms. Place each chop flat on a baking dish and set on the ice until the sauce is firm; then dip them in egg and bread crumbs and fry them in hot lard. Garnish them with some boiled asparagus and cover with a good gravy.

BEEF TONGUE.

Mrs. L. Reilly, Turlock, Stanislaus County, California.

Choose a moderate sized tongue, boil in salt water until tender, remove from the water, strip the skin and trim nicely around the roots; put into a saucepan one-quarter pound of butter, one tablespoonful of flour; half an onion cut into small pieces, salt and pepper to taste; let these dissolve gently near the fire until the butter boils, place the tongue into these ingredients, and let remain until it is browned, when browned take it out and place on a hot dish near the fire; then add to the gravy two wineglassfuls of red wine, (claret is preferable), one large teaspoonful of made mustard, and one of walnut catsup, mix well; return the tongue into the gravy and simmer ten minutes, keeping all well covered; when served, cut the tongue into thick pieces.

MEAT PATTIE.

Mix sausage meat with three eggs, with little brandy and sherry; make nice rich paste for bottom of pan. Slice all your meat in thin slices while raw. First a layer of fresh pork, seasoned with salt and pepper and a little nutmeg, after which layer of young veal; season same as fresh pork; next layer of

sausage meat, well beaten; next layer of chicken and quail; mix with truffles between all the layers; cover same tightly with paste, with small airholes; yolk of egg on surface to polish same; all bones extracted; put on the fire, cook slowly all day to make jelly; have your stove hot, or rather medium heat for four hours with even heat. When you take pattie out of stove cut small hole in the top and fill with jelly all it will hold. Place in cold place until ready to serve. When ready to serve cut in slices like cheese. Fit for a poor man as well as a prince.



Salads

MAYONNAISE SALAD DRESSING.

The yolk of one egg, raw; stir into this all the olive oil it will hold, in as fine a stream as possible. Season with lemon juice, cayenne pepper, salt and mustard.

SALAD DRESSING MADE WITH BUTTER.

Four tablespoons of butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, a slight sprinkle cayenne pepper, 1 cup milk, half-cup vinegar, 3 eggs. Let the butter get hot in a saucepan, add the flour, stir until smooth, but do not let it brown, then add the milk, and boil up to a cream, place the saucepan in another vessel of hot water, beat the eggs, add the salt, pepper, sugar, mustard and vinegar; stir into the boiling mixture till it thickens like a soft custard, which will be in about five minutes.

POTATO SALAD.

Boil one egg very hard, rub the yolk to a pulp, add one raw yolk, one teaspoon flour or corn meal, one teaspoon vinegar,

one of sweet oil, one of butter, half-spoon mustard, a little cayenne pepper and salt. Beat all to a cream and pour over cold sliced potatoes. One small raw onion chopped fine is by many considered a great improvement.

CHICKEN SALAD.

Mince the meat of two cooked fowls, with a little ham or tongue; cut up fine a nice head of lettuce; put it in a dish, with the chicken in the center; for the dressing, take the yolks of four eggs well beaten, two teaspoonfuls mixed mustard, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and four of oil, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper; boil the mixture, and when cold pour it over the chicken, and orrument it with sliced white of egg and beets.

POTATO SALAD.

Boil six good sized potatoes, peel and slice while hot, and pour over the following: Cut one-half pound lean bacon in small dice and fry brown. Season potatoes with salt, pepper, and finely sliced onion. Mix thoroughly with the bacon fat and dice, and then add one-half cup white vinegar. Garnish with sliced hard boiled eggs.

SHRIMP SALAD.

One can shrimps. Wash and cut in halves. Make a dressing of two eggs, whites beaten first then yolks added, one tablespoonful salad oil added slowly, one teaspoonful each salt and pepper, one-half cup vinegar, a little mustard. Stir all together on stove until it thickens, and when cold pour over the shrimps, to which has been added celery or finely cut lettuce.

CRUMED OYSTERS.

One pint of cream, one quart oysters, half of small onion, one blade of mace, one tablespoon of flour, one tablespoon of butter,

salt and pepper to taste. Mix flour and butter together in a little milk and stir in the boiling cream, with the mace and onion; when done, strain; scald the oysters in their own liquor; strain and pour on the sauce.



Pickles, Catsup, Etc.

TOMATO CATSUP.

Two pecks of ripe tomatoes, one ounce of salt, one ounce of mace, one tablespoon of black pepper, one teaspoonful cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful cloves (powdered), seven tablespoonfuls ground mustard, one tablespoonful celery seed (tied in a thin muslin bag). Cut a slit in the tomatoes, put them into a metal or porcelain kettle, and boil until the juice is all extracted and the pulp dissolved. Strain and press through a colander then through a hair sieve. Return to the fire, add the seasoning, and boil five hours, stirring constantly for the last hour, and frequently all the time it is on the fire. Let it stand twelve hours in a stone jar in a cool place. When cold add a pint of strong vinegar. Take out the bag of celery seed, and bottle, sealing the corks. Keep in a dark, cool place.

TO PICKLE RED CABBAGE.

Cut the cabbage and slice it very thin, shake on salt and leave it twenty-four hours to drain. Boil an ounce of black pepper and an ounce of allspice in a quart of vinegar, and when cold pour it over the cabbage, then pack it close and keep it well covered, a couple of sliced onions mixed in improves it.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.

To two and a half quarts of ripe raspberries put one pint of best cider vinegar, bruise them well and let them stand three

days, then strain the juice and add its weight in sugar, boil it, skim well and bottle closely. This will be found most excellent.

CHOW-CHOW.

Chop equal quantities of green tomatoes and cabbage quite fine, sprinkle a little salt between the layers, put a layer of green peppers with the tomatoes and cabbage, let it stand in the salt over night, and then if too salt squeeze a little. Put of spice a handful of mustard seed, teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, teaspoonful of ground cloves, scald for a short time in vinegar, about a couple of hours.

CHILI SOI.

Twelve ripe tomatoes, one green pepper, one onion, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoon of salt, one tablespoon sugar. Boil all together for four hours.

CURRENT CATSUP.

Five pounds currants, three pounds sugar, one pint vinegar, one teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful allspice, one teaspoonful whole cloves. Boil all together for one hour.

PICKLED WALNUTS.

Choose the walnuts when a pin will go through them with ease, put them in salt and water for a week, changing brine twice in that time. Then drain off the water, and set them over the fire with as much vinegar as will cover them. in which let them boil a quarter of an hour, then add black pepper, ginger, mace, bay leaves, mustard seed, and garlic, till you have them seasoned to taste.

Puddings

PLUM PUDDING.

1. One pound of raisins, stoned, one of currants washed and dried, one of rich beef suet minced, one of stale breadcrumbs, one of flour. Mix bread-crumbs, flour and suet together; beat six eggs well, and add to them a pint of sweet milk (a teaspoonful of soda in the milk); beat the eggs and milk with the suet and flour for some time, then stir in the currants and raisins, mixing well as you proceed. Mix in also one-fourth of a pound of candied orange and lemon peel cut into small pieces, one ounce of powdered cinnamon, one-half ounce of powdered ginger, one grated nutmeg, and a little salt. Either bake or boil, according to taste; bake nearly two hours; if boiled, pour into a cloth; tie the cloth, allowing a little room to swell, and boil for six hours. It is better boiled. Serve with vanilla sauce.
2. To half a pound wheat flour add half a pound of raisins stoned and chopped, and the same of currants picked, washed, and dried; use milk enough to stir easily with a spoon, add half a pound of suet chopped fine, four well-beaten eggs, and a large teaspoonful of mace, cinnamon and allspice; mix all well together, and boil for two hours and a half in a cloth or tin; serve with butter or sugar, or wine sauce. Plum pudding, if cold, may be warmed in a pan with some of the sauce.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

Three cupfuls of flour, or sufficient to make the batter; one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and salt; mix the cream of tartar with the flour; beat the whites of the eggs; put the butter, sugar and yolks of the eggs together; then work in the milk, soda and salt, adding gradually the flour and whites of the eggs; there should be flour enough to make a fairly stiff batter; butter a

mold or dish and bake; it may be turned out or served from the dish; to be eaten with any liquid sauce.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

Scald together one quart of milk and three ounces of grated chocolate, and set it aside to cool; then add nearly a cup of sugar and the yolks of five eggs; bake, and when done spread the whites on top, beaten stiff with sugar, and brown.

DELMONICO PUDDING.

Stir three tablespoonfuls of corn starch into one quart of boiling milk, and let it boil two minutes; beat the yolks of five eggs with six tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavor and stir in the corn starch. Put the whole into a dish, and bake it. Beat the whites of the eggs, stir into them three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when nicely done, spread on the top and bake a light brown.

COCOANUT PUDDING.

One-quarter of a pound of butter, yolks of five eggs, one-quarter of a pound of sugar; beat butter and sugar together; add a little of the cocoanut at a time, and one-half teacupful of cream. Do not bake too long, as it will destroy the flavor. Use one cocoanut. After it is baked, beat the whites of the eggs with four or five tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread over the pudding, and bake a light brown.

VELVET PUDDING.

Five eggs, beaten separately, one cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, dissolved in a little cold milk, and added to the yolks and sugar; boil three pints of milk and add the other ingredients while boiling; remove from the gas stove when it becomes quite thick; flavor with vanilla, and pour into

a baking-dish; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add half a cup of sugar, turn over the pudding; place in the oven and let it brown slightly. To be eaten with this sauce: Yolks of two eggs, one cup of sugar, and a tablespoonful of butter; beat well; add one cup of boiling milk, set on the stove until it comes to boiling heat; flavor with vanilla.

ORANGE PUDDING.

1. Cut up oranges in small pieces to make a thick layer on the bottom of a pudding dish. Make a thick boiled custard, and when cool pour over the oranges. Use the whites of the eggs (two or three), make a meringue of the whites, spread over the top, and slightly brown in the oven. 2. Scald one pint of milk. While it is heating, pare and separate three or four oranges, place them in a two-quart dish, and put one teacup of sugar over them. Take the yolks of two eggs, half a teacup of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of corn starch; beat together, and add to milk; let it boil, and pour over the oranges; beat the whites of two eggs stiff with a little pulverized sugar, and pour over the whole; bake until the whites are of a light brown. 3. One quart of milk, three eggs, two dessertspoonfuls of corn starch; use the yolks, corn starch, and milk to make a boiled custard; let it stand until cold, pare and slice four oranges in a dish, with two cups of sugar, pour the custard over the oranges, stir all together, put the whites, well beaten with a little sugar, on the top; set in the oven for a few moments to brown; let it get very cold before serving.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.

1. One cup of tapioca, soaked two hours on the gas stove in one quart of water. Have only a quarter flame, sufficient to keep it hot. Butter a pudding-dish well, and line the bottom with pared and cored apples; season the tapioca with a spoonful of sugar, a very little cinnamon, or nutmeg, and salt; pour it

over the apples, and bake until the apples are thoroughly done. Eat with sugar and cream. 2. Take ten tablespoonfuls of tapioca, wash it in warm water, drain off the water, and put the tapioca in a pan with a quart of rich milk; set the pan over a kettle of boiling water, and stir till it thickens, then add two tablespoonfuls of butter, six of white sugar, one lemon grated (or flavor to suit the taste with good lemon or vanilla extract), remove the pan from the fire, and having beaten four eggs very light, stir them gradually into the mixture. Pour it into a buttered dish, and bake three-fourths of an hour. Serve with rich cream or custard sauce.

SUET PUDDING.

1. One teacup of molasses, one of suet, one of sweet milk, two cups of raisins, two and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, a half teaspoonful of allspice, a half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda. Boil or steam. Make sauce as for plum pudding. 2. One cup of chopped beef suet, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, and three quarters of a teaspoonful of soda, one cup of raisins; mix well, and steam two hours. Serve with liquid sauce, flavored with nutmeg. 3. One pint of bread sponge, one cup of chopped suet, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one large cup of raisins, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, flour to make stiff batter. Put into a two-quart pan, and steam two hours and a half. Do not lift the cover until done. Make any kind of sauce you like best and serve hot.

PLAIN BOILED PUDDING.

One cup of sour cream, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of melted butter, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt. Mix molasses and butter together, and

beat until very light; stir in the cream and salt, and then the flour gradually, until it is a smooth batter; beat in the dissolved soda thoroughly, and boil in a buttered mold an hour and a half. To be eaten hot with sweet liquid sauce.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

One cup of sugar, butter the size of a walnut, one-half cup of milk, two eggs beaten separately, one and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Serve with lemon sauce.

FIG PUDDING.

One-quarter pound of figs chopped fine, one-quarter pound of bread crumbs, one-quarter pound of sugar (brown), one-quarter pound of suet, one-quarter pound of candied lemon peel and citron, one nutmeg and five eggs; mix thoroughly, put into a mold, and boil or steam four hours.

VENOISE PUDDING.

Five ounces of bread crumbs, four ounces of sugar, three ounces of raisins, two ounces of citron, one teaspoonful of vanilla, half pint of milk, yolks of four eggs, one ounce of brown sugar. Add the milk to this, pour over the yolks, add the vanilla last, and steam one hour and twenty minutes.

SUET PUDDING.

Half pound of chopped suet, one pound of flour, two eggs, half pint of water, quarter teaspoonful of salt. Beat all well together. Have your pudding cloth rung out of hot water and well floured, place in a kettle of boiling water and boil an hour and a half.

SPANISH CREAM.

Dissolve half a box of gelatine in one quart of milk, let it come to a boil just as in making custard. While one is stirring this to prevent it from burning let another beat the yolks of four eggs with seven tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, when the milk has come to a boil pour it over the eggs and sugar, then return to the stove to be cooked to the consistency of custard. After you have taken it off the stove about one minute, have the whites of the eggs well beaten which will now be stirred in. Flavor to taste with vanilla, then pour into mould, first dipped into cold water. To be eaten cold with cream.

WARM SAUCE.

One cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of butter, one egg, one wine glass of wine or brandy, one teaspoonful of cornstarch, one-half pint of boiling water. Let it simmer for ten minutes, then remove from the fire and serve with any desired pudding.

BAKED FLOUR PUDDING.

One quart of milk, five eggs, one tablespoonful of flour to each egg, half cup of sugar. Scald the flour in the milk, let it cool, then add the eggs; having saved the whites of two for a meringue. Test the pudding by putting a knife in it, when the knife comes out clean it is done. For the meringue—take one tablespoonful of fine-powdered sugar to the white of each egg, beat until it will drop from a spoon and add the juice of one lemon.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

One pint of flour, one cup of sugar, half cup of butter, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of milk. Cream butter and sugar together until light then add the other ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven.

PLUM PUDDING.

Half pound of suet, half pound moist sugar, half pound of currants, half pound of raisins, half pound of sultana raisins, half pound mixed candied peel, quarter pound bread crumbs, half teaspoon salt, quarter teaspoon mixed spices, four eggs, one-eighth pint of brandy. Finely chop the suet, stone the raisins, thoroughly wash and clean the currants and dry them, chop the peel, and sift the bread crumbs; mix all in the following order. Flour, salt, spices, sugar, raisins, peel, bread-crumbs, sultanas and currants. Beat the eggs and strain them for ten minutes; add the brandy to them and pour over the mass, stir for twenty-five minutes until the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Butter a mould and fill it; scald a clean cloth and flour it, tie the pudding down, and boil seven hours.

COCOANUT PUDDING.

Grate one cocoanut, saving the milk if perfectly sweet, boil a quart of milk, and pour upon it, adding five eggs beaten with one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter, add a little salt, two teaspoons vanilla extract, and milk from nut, and bake in a pudding dish lined with rich paste. This is excellent baked like pie with under crust only. A plainer yet good pudding is made by pouring one and one-half pints boiling milk over one pint breadcrumbs and one dessicated cocoanut mixed; add two tablespoons sugar and nutmeg to flavor. Bake in a moderate oven.

SNOW JELLY.

Take half box of gelatine and soak it in half pint of cold water; add one quart of boiling water, one cup of sugar, the juice of one large lemon. Put in a dish to cool and when stiff add the whites of three eggs beaten very light and beat the mixture very light. Serve with custard sauce, made with the yolks of the three eggs one teaspoonful of corn starch and one

quart of milk. In summer it is advisable to make it the day before it is to be used.

PRUNE PUDDING.

Scald one pound of prunes, let them swell in the water till soft, drain and extract stones, spread on a dish and dredge with flour. Take one gill of milk from a quart, stir it gradually with eight tablespoons sifted flour, beat six eggs very light, stir in by degrees the remainder of the quart of milk, alternating with the batter, add prunes gradually and stir briskly. Boil two hours, and serve with wine sauce.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE.

Whites of two eggs and two cups of sugar. Cream well together, and when very light add one quart of fresh strawberries, that have been washed and hulled, and beat all together for ten minutes or until very light. Then set in a cold place until ready to use. This will be found excellent with most any kind of a batter or baked pudding.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.

One cup best tapioca, one pint milk. Place it over the fire and stir ten minutes or until it thickens; add one pint milk, one cup sugar, two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful butter, a little salt and flavoring to taste. Mix thoroughly, and bake in a slow oven until brown.

BLANC MANGE.

One quart of milk, one cup best tapioca, one cup sugar. Stir briskly and boil until it thickens. Pour into a form or mould. Eat with syrup, jelly or cream.

RICE CUSTARD.

Three tablespoonfuls of rice flour made into a pap with cold milk, then stir it into one quart of boiling milk, and let it boil again, stirring to prevent burning, then remove and stir in at once a tablespoonful of butter, and a little salt, let it cool a little, then add a wine glass of brandy, four well beaten eggs, and two-thirds of a cup of sugar, flavor to taste. Bake in a deep dish twenty minutes in a hot oven.

BAKED CUSTARD.

One quart of milk, four eggs, four tablespoons of sugar, and flavoring to taste. Beat the eggs very light and add to the milk, then put in the sugar and flavoring, and stir until the sugar is well dissolved. Have the oven lit for about ten minutes before putting the pudding in, so as to have it good and hot.



Pastry

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.

1. Make a biscuit paste, only using more shortening; roll thin, and put a layer into a baking-pan, spread with a little melted butter, and dust with flour, and add another layer of crust, spread as before, then another layer of crust, until all is used; bake in a quick oven, and when done spread strawberries between the layers, turning the upper one crust-side down, spreading with strawberries, and pour over all charlotte russe or whipped cream. Orange short-cake can be made by simply substituting sliced oranges for strawberries.

2. Make a nice soda-biscuit dough, bake in deep jelly-cake or pie-pans, split the cakes, and between the layers spread the

strawberries, sprinkled with sugar. Eat with cream. Other berries or peaches sliced and put between the layers are nice.

TWO-CRUST LEMON PIE.

Line your pie-dish with a good crust; roll your lemons to soften them, grate the rind of one large or two small lemons, cut the lemons into thin slices, pick out the seeds, spread evenly one layer over the crust, and one cup of sugar over the lemon; add one cup of paste, made by taking four tablespoonfuls of flour, wetting it with cold water, as you would to make starch; turn boiling water on it, stirring while cooking on the stove for a few moments, adding a pinch of salt, with the grated rind of the lemons. When thickened enough pour it over the sugar and lemon; cover with a crust, cutting slits in it to let out the air. Bake slowly.

LEMON PIE.

1. Two lemons, half cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs, one quart of milk, two-thirds cup of flour; whites beaten; put over the top when the pie is done.

2. Three eggs, one grated lemon, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of water, two spoonfuls of flour; bake; beat the whites separately, and add sugar, not quite as much as for frosting; put into the oven and brown a little.

3. Two lemons, juice, and rind grated, two cups of white sugar, one cup of cream or rich, sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch mixed with the yolks of six eggs; bake in a rich crust; beat the whites to a stiff froth with eight tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar; spread on the top of the pies, and brown. This will make two pies.

4. Grate two lemons, two cups of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of water, one tablespoonful of butter, one of flour. This will make half a dozen pies.

5. Grated rind and juice of one lemon, to which add nearly a cup of sugar, and a piece of butter half the size of an egg;

into one cup of boiling water stir one tablespoonful of corn starch beaten with the yolks of two eggs; bake with an under crust, and when done spread over the top the whites, beaten stiff, with a little powdered sugar, and return to the oven to brown.

COCOANUT PIE.

Open the eyes of a cocoa-nut with a pointed knife or gimlet, and pour out the milk into a cup; break the shell, take out the meat and grate it fine. Stir the same weight of sugar and of the grated nut together; beat four eggs, the whites and yolks separately, to a stiff foam; mix one cup of cream and the milk of the cocoa-nut with the sugar and nut, then add the eggs and a few drops of orange or lemon extract. Line deep pie-tins with a nice crust, fill them with the custard, and bake carefully one-half an hour.

RHUBARB PIE.

Stew rhubarb; add the grated rind and juice of a lemon, the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, and sweeten with white sugar; line pie-tins with a good crust, and fill with the rhubarb; bake until the crust is brown; beat the whites to a stiff froth; it will be necessary to add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; flavor with vanilla, and spread over the tops of the pies; return to the oven until of a light brown. The eggs and lemon given are enough for two pies.

FRUIT PIE.

Line a soup plate with a rich paste, and spread with a layer of strawberry or raspberry preserves; over which sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped almonds (blanched of course) and one-half ounce of candied lemon peel cut into shreds. Then mix the following ingredients: one-half pound white sugar, one-quarter pound butter, melted, four yolks and two

whites of eggs, and a few drops of almond essence. Beat well together and pour the mixture into the soup plate over the preserves, etc. Bake in a moderately warm oven. When cold, sprinkle or sift a little powdered sugar over the top. A little cream eaten with it is a great addition.

TARTS.

Use the best of puff paste; roll it out a little thicker than for pie-crust, and cut with a large biscuit-cutter twice as many as you intend to have tarts; then cut out of half of them a small round in the center, which will leave a circular rim of crust; lift this up carefully and lay on the large pieces; bake in pans, and fill with any kind of preserves, jam, or jelly.

PUMPKIN PIE.

1. Cut the pumpkin into large pieces, and bake with the skins on; when done scoop out the pulp, add to it two quarts of milk, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of salt; sugar to taste.

2. A small pumpkin baked; scoop out the pulp, and add two quarts of milk, sugar to taste, one-half cup of molasses, tablespoonful of salt, and ginger and cinnamon to taste.

MARLBOROUGH PIE.

Six tart apples, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of butter or thick cream, six eggs, the grated peel of one lemon, and one-half the juice; grate the apples after paring and coring them, stir together the butter and sugar as for cake, then add the other ingredients, and bake in a rich under-paste only.

PEACH PIE.

Line a deep dish with soda-biscuit dough, or pie-crust rolled one-fourth of an inch thick, fill with peaches pared, sprinkled with sugar and a little flour, and, if not too juicy, add about two tablespoonfuls of water, put on the upper crust, secure the edges, and bake. Eat with cream.

CREAM TARTLETS.

Make a paste with the white of one and the yolks of three eggs, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of butter, a pinch of salt, and flour sufficient to make into a paste; work it lightly; roll out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, line some patty-pans with it. fill with uncooked rice, and bake in a moderate oven until done; remove the rice, fill with jam or preserves, and on top of all place a spoonful of whipped cream.

CREAM PUFFS.

Melt one-half cup of butter in one cup of hot water, and while boiling, beat in one cup of flour, then take off the gas stove and cool; when cool, stir in three eggs, one at a time, without beating; drop on tins quickly, and bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

For the cream:—Half a pint of milk, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two large teaspoonfuls of flour; boil as you would any mock cream, and flavor with lemon. When baked, open the side of each puff, and fill with cream.

CREAM PUFFS.

One pint of water, one-half cup of lard, one-half cup of flour. Boil the water and lard together and stir in the flour while boiling. Let it cool and add five eggs well beaten. Drop on tin sheets, bake twenty minutes. When cold, open and put in filling.

FILLING.

One cup of flour, two cups of sugar, one pint of milk, four eggs, boil milk, beat flour, sugar and eggs together and stir into the milk while boiling. Flavor to taste.

A•FLOATING ISLAND OF APPLES.

Bake or scald nine large apples; when cold, pare them and pulp them through a sieve. Beat up this pulp with sugar, and add to it the whites of five eggs previously beaten up with a half teaspoonful of rose water. Mix this into the pulp a little at a time, and beat it until quite light. Heap it upon a dish, with a rich custard or jelly round it.

APPLE MERINGUE.

Pare and core twelve apples, fill them with butter and sugar alternating the butter and sugar till the hole left from the core is filled; put a little water in the pan, and bake upon the top of the stove, with a cover over them to preserve their whiteness.

Make a very soft custard of the yolks of four eggs, and pour over the apples when serving them. Make the meringue of the whites of the four eggs, pour over the apples, and put in the oven a few moments to brown.



Cakes

WHITE CAKE.

Three-fourths cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup of flour, one cup milk, one cup flour, ten eggs (whites), one cup flour, two scant teaspoons baking powder. In measuring the flour scant each cup and sift. One teaspoonful baking powder.

Cream the butter and sugar by hand until it is a white cream very soft, and thin, then add one cup flour, mix well, then the milk, another cup of flour, then the whites of the eggs, then another cup flour, with two scant teaspoons baking powder, and one teaspoon flavoring. Bake in a moderate oven, before putting the cake in be sure your oven is right, so as not to open the oven door until the cake is nearly done, as opening the door often is apt to spoil the cake making it heavy. This is also the case with most loaf cakes, many of them are spoiled by opening the oven to often while they are baking.

BANANA LAYER CAKE.

One cup milk, one cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, six eggs. Leave the whites of three eggs for the icing and filling, to which add a cup of powdered sugar. Stir in the banana, but do not put any on the top of the cake.

CREAM CAKE.

Four eggs (yolks and whites beaten separately), one cup and a half of sugar, seven tablespoons melted butter, three cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Bake in two layer tins, in a hot oven.

FILLING FOR CAKE.

One teacup of milk, one tablespoon corn starch, one egg, quarter cup of sugar. When the milk is boiling add the corn starch, dissolved in a little milk, when it thickens remove from the stove, and add egg, sugar and flavor.

FIG CAKE.

One and a half cups sugar, two cups flour, two-thirds cup milk, half cup butter, two eggs, two teaspoons baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar together, then add the eggs well beaten, next the milk and a teaspoonful flavoring extract, then the flour with the baking powder sifted into it.

FOR FILLING.

Half pound figs, half cup water, quarter cup sugar. Let figs, water and sugar boil four or five minutes, not too hard, and stir until well mixed, then spread between the layers of the cake, but do not put any on the top.

GINGERBREAD.

Six cups flour, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one cup butter, four eggs, two tablespoons ginger, two teaspoons saleratus, one cup milk (sour). Beat very light and bake in a hot oven.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE.

One cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, six eggs, one cup milk. Leave the whites of three eggs for the icing and filling, to which add a cup of powdered sugar, stir in the cocoanut. For the top of cake make it stiffer with cocoanut than for layers, and sprinkle a little over the top.

NUT CAKE.

One cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, four eggs, one cup milk. Cream the butter and sugar well then add the eggs and milk and lastly the flour, into which sift two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in jelly tins. For the filling, get a pound of English walnuts, take out thirty halves, leaving them whole for top of cake, take the remainder of nuts, chop them fine and mix with icing for layers. Use the directions given for icing for cocoanut cake.

PLAIN CAKE.

Half cup butter, one cup sugar, half cup milk, two eggs, one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Flavor with vanilla. Cream butter and sugar well, then add the eggs well beaten, then the milk and lastly two cups flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

ALMOND CAKE.

Half cup butter, two cups sugar, four eggs, half cup almonds, blanched by pouring hot water on them until skin is easily removed, and then cut in fine shreds, half teaspoon extract bitter almond, one pint flour, one and a half teaspoon baking powder, one glass brandy, half cup milk. Rub butter and sugar to smooth white cream; add eggs one at a time, beating three or four minutes between each. Sift flour and powder together; add to butter, and other ingredients. Bake carefully in rather hot oven twenty minutes, in a fluted mould.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

One cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, butter size of an egg, two teaspoons baking powder, one egg, two cups of flour. Cream butter and sugar together then add the egg well beaten, next the milk, then the flour with the baking powder sifted into it. Bake in a hot oven, and when cold fill with the following: One pint of milk, one tablespoon butter, one cup sugar, half cup grated chocolate, yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful vanilla. Bring the milk to a boil, stir in the chocolate, the sugar and corn starch, boil five minutes, take from the fire, Add the eggs stirring all the time; return to the fire to set the eggs, then add the butter and vanilla.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.

Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, five ounces of butter, three cups of flour, three heaping spoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor to taste.

FILLING.

One cup of sugar, one egg, butter the size of a walnut, four tablespoonfuls of cold water. Grated rind and juice of two lemons. Stir butter and sugar together and cook on back of range.

NUT DROPS.

Two heaping cups of hickory nuts, two cups sugar, one cup flour, two tablespoonfuls of cold water, two small or one large egg. Drop on buttered pan. Do not mash them as they will spread while baking.

CREAM CAKE.

One teacupful of sugar, two eggs, one and half cups of flour, half cup milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream butter and sugar together until very light, then add eggs, milk and flour; sift the baking powder into the flour.

CUSTARD FOR FILLING.

Two-thirds of a pint of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of corn starch, half cup sugar, a pinch of salt and flavor to taste.

GOLDEN CAKE.

One and a half cups of flour, one teaspoon baking powder three-quarter cup of butter, one cup sugar, yolks of eight eggs, half cup sweet milk. Flavor to taste. Cream the butter and

sugar together, then add the eggs beaten very light. Bake in a moderate oven.

COOKIES.

One cup white sugar, one-third cup butter, one egg, two tablespoons milk or cream, one teaspoon baking powder. Cream butter and sugar well together then add the egg and milk, sift the baking powder into a small quantity of the flour and stir in, add flour enough to make quite stiff and roll very thin. Cut with a cake cutter, and bake in a hot oven.

CHOCOLATE WAFERS.

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter three cups of flour, four eggs, two cups grated chocolate, one teaspoon cream-tartar, half teaspoon soda, half cup milk. Baking powder can be substituted for the cream-tartar and soda, using two teaspoons of the baking powder. Cream butter and sugar well, then add the eggs and milk, then the grated chocolate. The soda, cream-tartar and salt are to be sifted with the flour. Put on a well-floured pastry board and roll thin. Bake in a hot oven.

GINGER SNAPS.

One cup of molasses, half cup of sugar, half cup of butter, half cup of boiling water, one teaspoon soda, half teaspoon cloves, half teaspoon ginger, flour enough to roll, but leave the dough as soft as you can handle it. Beat the molasses, sugar and butter well together, then add the other ingredients. Roll as thin as possible, and bake in a very hot oven.

BRANDY SNAPS.

Quarter pound of butter, one pound of molasses, one pound of flour one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful of mace, one

teaspoonful of cloves, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, quarter of a glass of brandy. Beat all well together, roll very thin and bake in a hot oven.

FRUIT CAKE.

One pound of flour, one pound of eggs, one pound of sugar, three-quarters pound of butter, one and one-half pounds raisins, half pound blanched almonds chopped fine, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one teaspoon of ground cinnamon, one teaspoon of nutmeg. Cream the butter and sugar well, beat the eggs separately adding the whites last. Flour the fruit well before putting it in. Bake in a moderate oven.

FILLING FOR CREAM CAKE.

Bring the milk to a boil with the sugar, add the corn starch dissolved in a little water, as soon as it boils take from the fire; beat in the egg yolks; return to the fire two minutes to set the egg yolks, add the butter. When cold spread between the cake which has already been prepared.

DOUGHNUTS.

One and a half cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk, two eggs, small piece of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt and a little nutmeg, flour enough just to make dough stiff enough to roll out.

COFFEE CAKE.

One cup very strong coffee, one cup butter, two cups sugar, three eggs, one and a half pints flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup of raisins seeded, one and a half lbs. currants, one-half cup milk, little allspice, nutmeg and cinnamon. Cream the butter and sugar together, then add the coffee and milk, next the eggs beaten very light, then the flour with the baking pow-

der, with the flour sifted in it, lastly the fruit well dredged in flour. Bake in a moderate oven, with the gas turned down about one-half.

BATH BUNS.

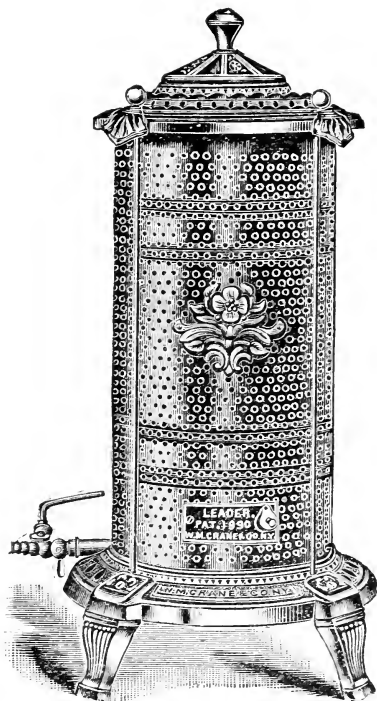
Half-cup butter, one and a half cups sugar, two eggs, one and a half teaspoons baking powder, half-cup candied lemon peel, cut in small thin slices, one and a half pints flour, half-pint milk. Rub the butter and sugar together to a smooth light cream, add the eggs, beat a few minutes longer; then add the flour, with the powder sifted in it, then the lemon peel and milk. Mix into a moderately firm batter. Lay greased muffin rings on a greased baking tin, and put a large spoonful into each. Sift sugar on them, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

GRIDDLE CAKES.

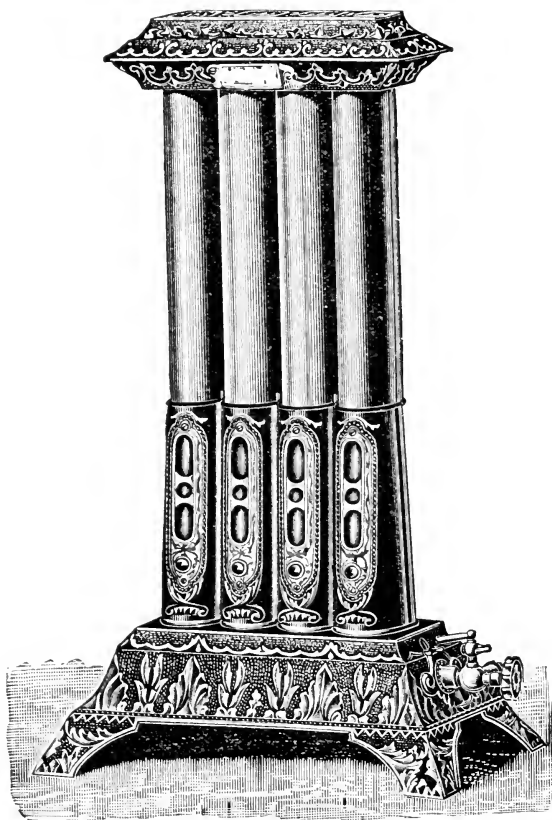
Soak a cupful of best tapioca in a quart of milk over night. Next morning stir thoroughly until dissolved. Add one-half teaspoonful salt, one beaten egg, one teaspoonful baking powder. Stir in a pint of flour to a thick batter. Bake on a hot griddle.

INDIAN PANCAKES.

One pint of Indian meal, one teaspoonful salt, mixed with enough boiling water to make a little thinner than mush. When cool add the yolks of four eggs, half a cup of flour sifted with three teaspoons baking powder, enough sweet milk to make batter as for griddle cakes, and the beaten whites of four eggs added just before baking.



A Handy Heater for Bathrooms, for Bedrooms—for any room



For Your Halls

Ice Cream

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM.

Scald a pint of new milk, and add gradually a cup and a half of sugar, two beaten eggs, and two-thirds of a cup of grated chocolate rubbed smooth in a little milk; beat and set on the gas stove until thick, stirring continually; take off and add table-spoonful of dissolved gelatine; when cold put into the freezer; as it begins to set add two cups of cream, and two cups of cream whipped to a froth.

LEMON ICE CREAM.

Squeeze any quantity of lemons desired; make the juice thick with sugar; stir it into cream, allowing nearly three quarts to a dozen lemons, and freeze.

LEMON ICE.

One gallon of water and four pounds of sugar, well boiled and skimmed; when cold, add the juice of a dozen lemons, and the sliced rind of eight, and let them infuse an hour; strain into the freezer without pressing, and stir in lightly the well-beaten whites of twelve eggs.

ORANGE ICE.

Boil a cup and a half of sugar in a quart of water, skimming when necessary; when cold add the juice of half a dozen oranges; steep the rinds in a little water, and strain into the rest; add the rind and juice of a lemon, strain into the freezer and freeze like ice cream.

PEACHES AND CREAM FROZEN.

Peel and quarter the peaches; mix with sugar and cream; line a Charlotte mold with some of the quarters and fill; freeze solid. Line a mold with ice cream, and fill the center with berries or sliced fruit; cover with ice cream; cover closely and pack in ice for half an hour. The fruit must not be frozen.

LEMON ICE.

Six lemons—juice of all, and grated peel of three, one large sweet orange—juice and rind, one pint of water, one pint of sugar. Squeeze out every drop of juice, and steep in the rind of orange and lemons one hour. Strain, squeezing the bag dry; mix in the sugar, and then the water. Stir until dissolved, and freeze by turning in a freezer—opening three times to beat all up together.

ORANGE ICE.

Six oranges—juice of all, and grated peel of three, two lemons—the juice only, one pint of sugar dissolved in one pint of water. Prepare and freeze as you would lemon ice.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM.

One quart of cream, one pint milk, two cups sugar, two eggs beaten very light, five tablespoonfuls chocolate rubbed smooth in a little milk. Heat the milk almost to boiling, and pour, by degrees, in with the beaten egg and sugar. Stir in the chocolate, beat well three minutes, and return to the inner kettle. Heat until it thickens well, stirring constantly; take from the fire and set aside to cool. Many think a little vanilla an improvement. When the custard is cold, beat in the cream, and pour into the freezer.

ICE CREAM.

Two quarts of milk, one pint of cream, one pint of sugar, six eggs. Flavor to taste and freeze.

TUTTI FRUTTI ICE CREAM.

One pint of milk, one quart of cream, yolks of five eggs—beaten light with the sugar, three cups of sugar, one lemon—juice and grated peel, one glass of pale sherry, and one-half lb. crystallized fruits, chopped. Heat the milk almost to boiling; pour by degrees over the eggs and sugar, beating all together well. Return to the fire, and boil ten minutes, or until set into a good custard. When cold, beat in the cream, and half-freeze before you stir in the crystallized fruit—peaches, apricots, cherries, limes, etc., chopped very fine. Beat in with these the lemon and wine; cover again, and freeze hard. In all fruit ice creams the beating of the custard should be very hard and thorough, if you would have them smooth.

FROZEN CUSTARD WITH THE FRUIT FROZEN IN.

One quart of milk, one quart of cream, six eggs, and three cups of sugar beaten up with the yolks, one pint fresh peaches, cut up small, or fresh ripe berries. Heat the quart of milk almost to boiling, and add gradually to the beaten yolks and sugar. Whip in the frothed whites, return to the custard kettle, and stir until it is a thick, soft custard. Let it get perfectly cold, beat in the cream and freeze. If you let it freeze itself, stir in the fruit after the second beating; if you turn the freezer, when the custard is like congealed mush.

ICE CREAM.

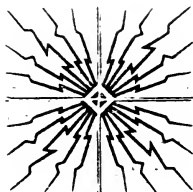
Two cans condensed milk, one pint of cream, one-half cup sugar, five eggs, one can twice filled with skimmed milk or cold water; pour into the tin and freeze.

ITALIAN CREAM.

Two pints of cream, two cups of sugar, two lemons—juice and grated peel, two tablespoonfuls of brandy. Sweeten the cream and beat in the lemons gradually not to curdle it; add the brandy and freeze in a patent freezer, or by turning quickly. In turning the freezer, open twice during the operation, to stir and beat the contents smooth.

RASPBERRY OR STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM.

One quart of ripe sweet berries, one pound sugar, one quart fresh cream. Scatter half the sugar over the berries and let them stand three hours. Press and mash them, and strain them through a thin muslin bag. Add the rest of the sugar, and when dissolved beat in the cream little by little. Freeze rapidly, opening the freezer (if it is not a patent one) several times to beat and stir.



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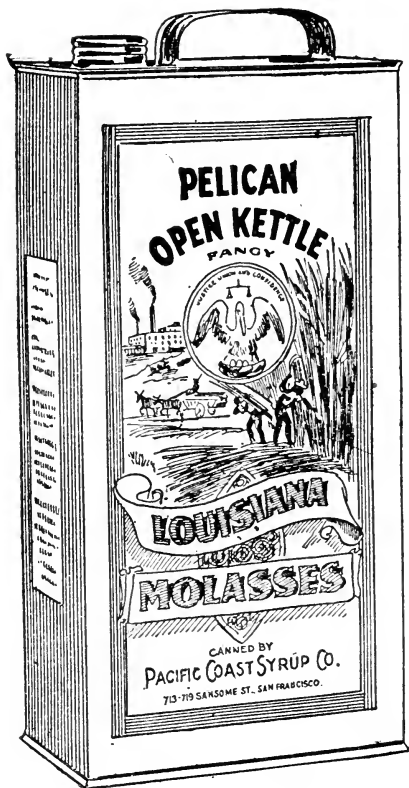
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